The Bystander. No. 33. Vol. III. WEDNESDAY. JULY 20. 1904

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THE BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 33.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 20, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

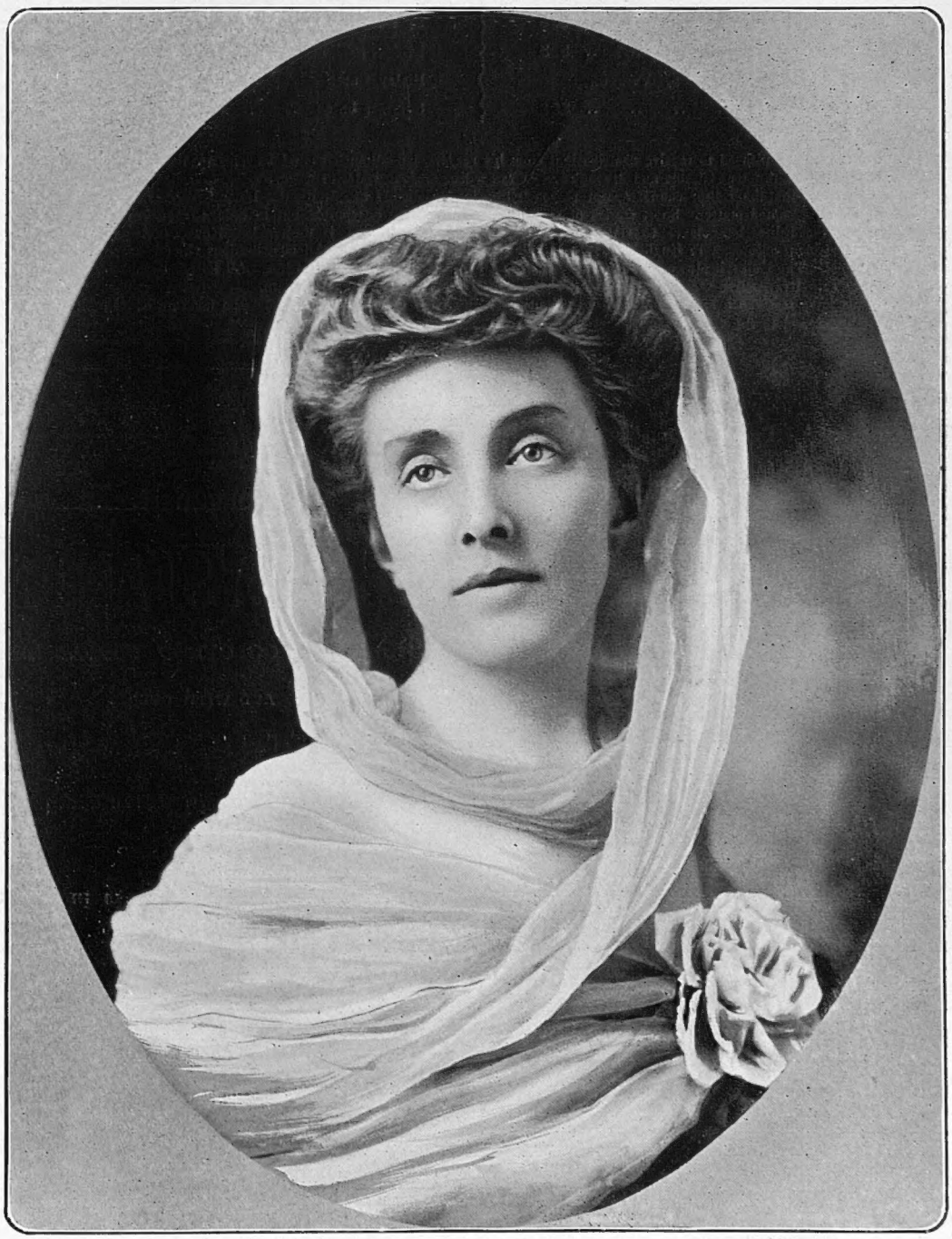

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Countess Zichy

One of the most beautiful women in the Court circle at Vienna

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

July 20, 1904

The "heat wave" has demoralised us. With the temperature somewhere about eighty in the shade, it becomes too hot to enter into controversy in any shape or form. Our thoughts turn to the "silver sea," to cooling drinks, and our lightest clothing. Even our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, has been less strenuous during the past few days. It was rather excited over the Chertsey election, it is true; the tactics of Mr. Allan Upward and the Radicals shocked it considerably, but then the *Daily Mail* is easily shocked. By the way, an amusing story is being circulated apropos of Chertsey. An energetic canvasser for the Liberal candidate called upon an elector, and, after eloquently enlarging upon the enormities of the Government, expressed the hope that the elector in question would vote for Mr. Sadler.

The elector eyed the canvasser with contempt:

"I'd sooner vote for the devil!" he declared.

"Dear me!" retorted the canvasser mildly. "Is that your pet name for Lord Bingham?"

To return to the sultriness of the present days, one must allow that the heat presents a topic which it is excusable to dwell upon, especially when it opens up a new profession. The responsibility for the following belongs to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* Paris correspondent:

Meanwhile the great heat is responsible for a strange form of advertisement. This afternoon, when the world was engaged in repeating in a kind of chorus, "Ah! *quelle chaleur*," a man attired as a gentleman sat down on the terrace of a restaurant and ordered a "bock." He removed his hat and commenced to wipe his brow—an action certainly that had nothing novel in it, seeing that his neighbours were doing the same thing. Nevertheless, a crowd gathered. The reason of their interest was this: the man was bald, remarkably bald, in fact, and plastered over his forehead was a small bill, announcing that at such and such a music-hall this evening a very excellent programme could be seen—a sure cure for sunstroke. This new form of sandwichman had such a success that the proprietor of the restaurant became alarmed at the growing mass of onlookers, and ordered his customer away. At least the heat has found out a new profession for the owners of hairless craniums.

"Too old at forty" is a cry which can no longer be allowed. It is rather a case of being too young.

We cull the following from the *News of the World*:

A great sensation was caused at the summer resort of Valiuki, in Finland, yesterday. Hundreds of gaily-dressed holiday-makers were thronging the beach, and paddling, when along the sands raced a portly elderly gentleman, without garments and with big oblong patches of black upon his chest and legs. The fairer half of the crowd screamed and stampeded, while their male defenders chased the apparition, finally capturing it in the water. The captive proved to be a Moscow visitor, who had gone out of his mind. He was an official in the foreign censorship department, and had been employed ten hours a day for the past six months in blacking out comments objectionable to Russia in the foreign newspapers.

We will not guess what papers are morally responsible for the aberration of this unfortunate gentleman, but we offer his case as a salutary warning to Library Committees who are inclined to black out too many columns of our daily papers. To be a censor is obviously no sinecure.

We are somewhat amused to find that "Rita" has been discussing, in the current number of *London Opinion*, Miss Marie Corelli's article on American Women, which appeared in one of our recent issues. But why "Rita," of all people, should be put forward to attack American women because Miss Corelli praised our transatlantic cousins, is beyond our comprehension. For a perusal of "Rita's" article proves to the reader who has lived in the United States that the Missionary of Society—if we may coin the phrase — is about as ignorant of American customs and American home life, to say nothing of American women, as, say, the average cowboy in Mexico is ignorant of "Rita's" existence. "Rita" judges the American nation by the characteristics of New York when she declares there is no home life or domesticity in America, while her opinion of the American woman is gathered from the following anecdote:

I was staying at E—— Castle once on a visit, and there chanced to be staying there on the same occasion an American girl and her mother. Needless to say the girl was an heiress, and the object of her invitation an alliance with an effete and impoverished young peer of the realm. The girl had been well educated. She was lovely as a dream—or an American girl—but oh! her voice, her vulgarity, her incessant, never-ceasing chatter! And the mother, despite "Mayflower" pretensions, was hopelessly vulgar. One day at dinner I heard her address the footman thus: "Say, waiter, just you go into the conservatory and bring me that glass of whiskey and soda standing behind the big flower pot. I'd only half sampled it when y'r dressing gong struck."

Rita! Rita! we blush for you. What kind of American Society were you mixing with? Do you not know that with all her little failings the American woman rarely, or never, drinks anything but iced water? That she will have, even in the depths of winter.

Mrs. Eric Conant

Berbera, Somaliland, is hardly the place one would voluntarily choose as a place of residence, though it holds out many attractions to lovers of big game shooting. As a good shot and a splendid horsewoman, Mrs. Eric Conant, who is the wife of His Majesty's Acting Consul at the Somali port, knows the country as few people do, having accompanied her husband on many shooting expeditions into the interior. Nothing seems too arduous for the modern Englishwoman, mountain climbing, travel in countries which have hitherto been sacred to the man-explorer, and big game shooting in the tropics coming within the possibilities, and Mrs. Conant has done all these. Before her marriage, which took place last November, Mrs. Conant, who is the daughter of Colonel Flemyng-Gyll, had travelled all over Europe and India, so that she was well prepared for the exigencies of life in one of the less civilised "outposts" of the Empire. At least once a year, however, Berbera is interesting, as an annual fair here brings together some 30,000 people.

Photo by *Langfier*

Mrs. Eric Conant

The wife of His Majesty's Acting Consul at Berbera, Somaliland

Major B. Baden-Powell

The son of a Savilian Professor, and brother to the "B.-P." who added a new word to the English tongue at Mafeking, Major B. Baden-Powell has done pretty well to preserve an individuality of his own, for it is almost as disconcerting a start in life's handicap to become known as "brother to the General," as, in the other sex, it would be to be recognised as the "pretty Miss So-and-so's sister." But he has the family versatility, and if you do not know him as a soldier, then you may have heard of him as the man who flies kites; or the man who started a scientific paper, or the man who put up that chute at the Crystal Palace. It is the chute at the Crystal Palace which last brought him into notice—and also into the law courts. It is not an attractive erection, and is not, indeed, intended to be, but is designed to impart such an impetus

to a gliding machine which shoots down it, that the glider ought to leap out into space and give to Icarus the sensation of flight. That is what it ought to do, but in one of its early trials, the glider, caught by a puff of wind, gave its passenger the unmistakable sensation of a ducking, and had not Major Baden-Powell added swimming to his other accomplishments, a relief expedition would have been distinctly necessary. But the experiments, in the official phrase, are now established on a satisfactory basis, and Major Baden-Powell has left the Guards in order to devote more attention to them, and to the scores of other things in which he is interested. It is a pity he has left the Army, for he was known in it as a scientific officer, who wrote a valuable text-book on the tactics of the Boer War, and who has shot, or been shot at, in every one of the five Continents. His kites have proved useful in the wireless telegraphy installations of the Navy at Portsmouth, and he is a first-rate, all-round man, That is why he left the Guards, who are intended to be merely decorative. Major Baden-Powell would not ask you to believe he was that.

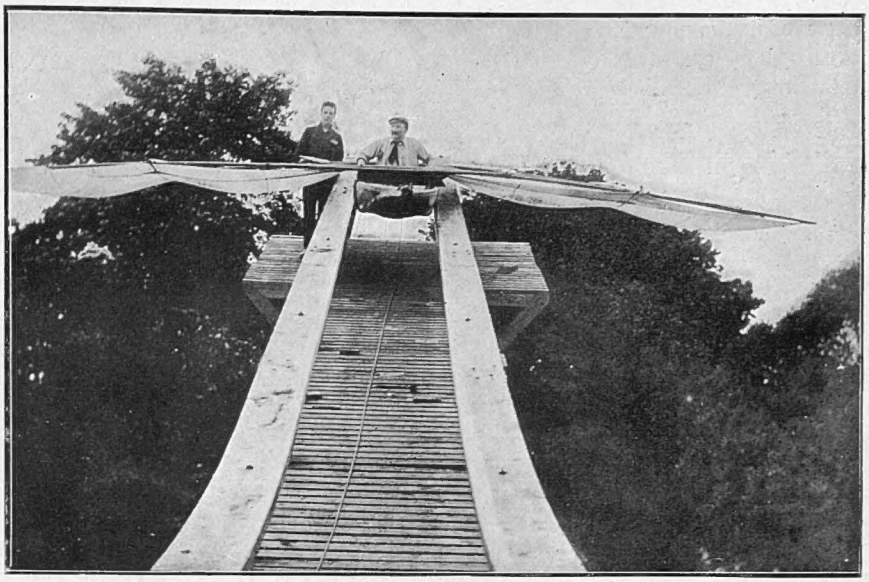


Photo by] **Major Baden-Powell about to commence a "flight"** [*Russell*

A chute, which runs down into the lake, has been specially built at the Crystal Palace, and the photograph shows Major Baden-Powell in his winged boat, ready to run down

Miss Ellen Terry's Homecoming

During the dog days, the drama retires discreetly into the shade. The giant issues which rear their heads in less tropical weather are suffered to slumber, and a wilted public, content with the lightest of fare in the form of theatrical intelligence, learns languidly that "Mr. Blank, the well-known actor-manager, will return from a brief motoring tour in order to open his theatre (as we announced long since) at a very early date in September, with an adaptation from a well-known German play." The thermometer, however, can play what pranks it likes without affecting the genuine and lively interest

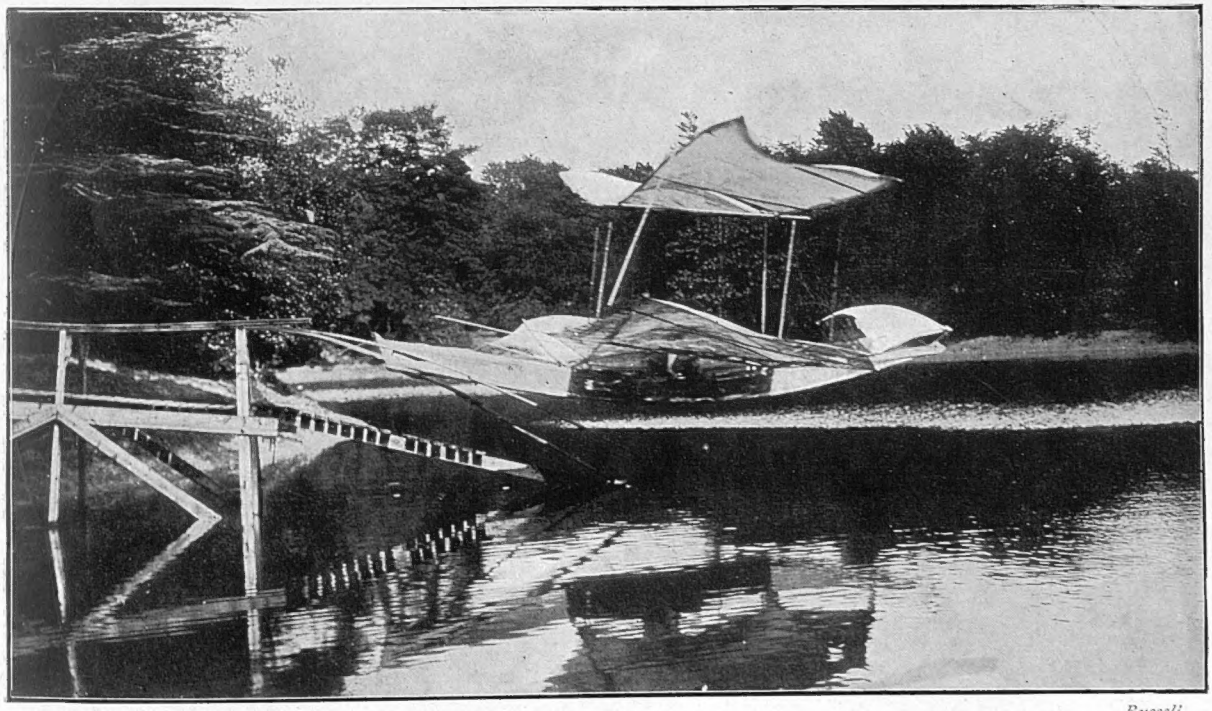


Photo by *Russell*

The "Flight"

The machine, by running down the chute, gains enough impetus to carry it some distance through the air on its outstretched pinions before it alights on the surface of the lake. With this apparatus, the Major is studying the science of flying, and hopes one day to make a perfect flying machine

betrayed in the announcement by our contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, that Ellen Terry is in the near future to be "presented" by Charles Frohman in a play by J. M. Barrie. The latest "combination" is the work of a master mind. The necessity which too often arises for the leading lights of the profession to scintillate, not for brief periods, but for years at a time, in the provinces or in America, is a somewhat melancholy side of stage life. News of their return to London brings joy to the heart of the most *blasé* playgoer. Miss Terry may be assured of a homecoming worthy of the best beloved of English actresses.

Photo by Lady Gerard *Langfier*

The Countess Zichy

The Countess Zichy, the subject of our Frontispiece this week, is one of the most admired women in the Court circle at Vienna. She is a blonde dorée, and has the most beautiful wavy hair and a skin of exquisite fairness. She is exceedingly graceful, and a past mistress in the art of dressing. About her musical talent, which would be prized by many professionals, she is exceedingly modest, and will never be induced to acknowledge that there is anything unusual in her charming gift. She married early Count Zichy, head of the old Hungarian family of that name. It will be remembered that the Emperor Franz Josef has often entrusted to him diplomatic missions requiring special skill and tact. Both Count and Countess Zichy are fond of England and English people, and are thorough cosmopolitans. They have large estates in Hungary, a town house at Budapest, and a *pied-à-terre* at Vienna.

Photos by **Viscount Newport and the Hon. Margaret Bruce** *Kate Pragnell*

Who are to be married to-morrow at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

Lady Gerard

Lady Gerard, who recently entertained the King at Eastwell Park, is the widow of the late Baron Gerard, who died in 1902. She was a Miss Milner and a sister of Mr. Milner, who married the Dowager Duchess of Montrose. She is still a very handsome woman, wonderfully youthful in appearance, and a notable horsewoman; her only daughter, who married Baron de Forest a few months ago, shares her mother's good looks. Lord Gerard comes of age on the 10th of November next. The Gerards have always been devoted Catholics, and in the Chapel of St. Mary at Ashton, a dearly prized relic, though a very gruesome one, is kept. It is supposed to be the mummified right hand of Father Arrowsmith, a Jesuit, who suffered death for his religion in 1623. And it lies in a silk bag inside a silver box on the altar of this chapel. It was said to possess some miraculous healing virtue, and that, by touching this hand, any case of illness, however hopeless, could be cured, while the blind, halt, and lame recovered immediately. Its fame became so well known that it was sent all over the country to work wonders, and even within the last thirty years hundreds of poor people have visited the resting-place of this relic. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, in accordance with an old promise, this wonderfully preserved hand is taken to the family seat of the Gerards, and then back again to its place on the altar of the chapel.

Photo by *Medringtons*

Mrs. Maybrick

Viscount Newport

An interesting marriage is that of Lord Newport to Miss Margaret Cecilia Bruce, the eldest of the three daughters of Lord and Lady Aberdare, which is to take place on Wednesday of this week at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The bride is a charming girl, a good many years younger than her *fiancé*, who is thirty-one. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Bradford, and his career has been distinguished in various ways. He went out to South Africa with the Royal Scots; and lately has been serving his political apprenticeship as private secretary to Mr. Balfour. This work is not quite new to him, as he was for a short time private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury.

Mrs. Maybrick

It is now fifteen years since Florence Maybrick was sentenced to death, commuted afterwards to imprisonment for life, on a charge of poisoning her husband. Never has a verdict given by twelve good men and true raised such a storm of controversy. The story was a sordid one: of servants who tampered with their mistress's letters, of a suspicious fly-paper soaking in a wash-hand basin of the ugly disagreements between an ill-assorted couple, the man a hypochondriac, and a great deal older than his wife. After a twelve hours' vigil by her husband's bedside, in the spring of 1889, Mrs. Maybrick sank into a swoon of thirty-six hours, from which she only recovered to learn of his death, the indictment being read to her in her bedroom, and no one—not even her mother, being allowed to see her. The most damning portion of the evidence related to the basin of beef extract, given to Mr. Maybrick shortly before his death, and in which arsenic had undoubtedly been mixed. Mrs. Maybrick acknowledged having put in the mysterious white powder, but stated that she had done so at her husband's request, and in total ignorance of the probable effects of the drug. The late Lord Russell of Killowen, her counsel, made a splendid fight for the establishment of her innocence, in which he remained a staunch believer till the day of his death. One hundred thousand people signed the petition for reprieve from the death sentence; and, during the long years of her imprisonment, numerous efforts have been made by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, and other distinguished people and associations across the Atlantic, to obtain her pardon. Her most untiring friend has certainly been her mother, the Baroness von Roques, who has lavished a large fortune in futile efforts to convince the world of her daughter's innocence. Mrs. Maybrick's release, after only

fourteen years of punishment, was obtained by special licence, in order that she might give evidence in an approaching trial in the United States, in which her family lay claim to large estates in America. It is understood that this litigation may involve the necessity of a new trial in which an American jury may reverse the decision of the English one. Immediately upon her release from prison, Mrs. Maybrick was taken to a sisterhood of the Epiphany, near Truro, of which Adeline Duchess of Bedford (one of her warmest supporters) is a patroness.

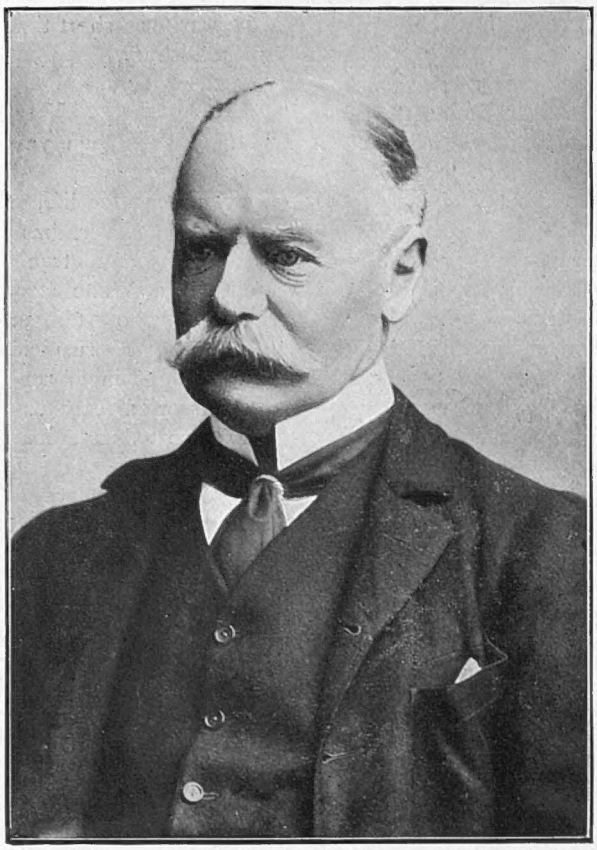


Photo by *Russell*

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon

With whom the King will stay during Goodwood Races

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon

It is understood that His Majesty during Goodwood week will be the guest of the Duke of Richmond, whose splendid estate of Goodwood is in close proximity to the course. Society in general, or at least that large portion of it attending the great event which closes the London season, will have much to thank the Duke for this year, as he has erected new stands at Goodwood of a much more commodious and comfortable nature than the old ones, at an expenditure of nearly £40,000. The present Duke, who is in his fifty-ninth year, succeeded to the 286,500 acres, which comprise his various estates in Sussex, Banffshire, and elsewhere, only last year. He has spent much time in Parliament, having sat as M.P. for West Sussex from 1869-1885, and for S.W. Sussex from 1885-1888. Members of the Lennox family have played many important parts in our history. The second Duke was High Constable of England at the Coronation of George II., and on four occasions, as Lord Justice, was called upon to administer the government during the absence of the King. The third Duke carried the sceptre at the Coronation of George III., and the fourth Duke was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Governor-General of Canada. It was his son, the fifth of the line, who assumed, by patent in 1836, the additional surname of Gordon, having inherited from his mother, who was the sister of the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, the Gordon estates of some 160,000 acres in Banffshire. The conjunction of the two dukedoms was a suggestion of the great Disraeli, who created the father of the present Duke of Richmond, Duke of Gordon in 1876. Curiously enough, the late Duke never formally assumed the title thus conferred, and it was left to the present possessor of the title to do this, two weeks ago, when he was formally introduced to the Upper House as Duke of Gordon. The Duke is best known as a sportsman, his recreations including hunting, shooting, fishing, and racing. His heir, the Earl of March, served in South Africa as A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and was mentioned in dispatches, for which he received the D.S.O.

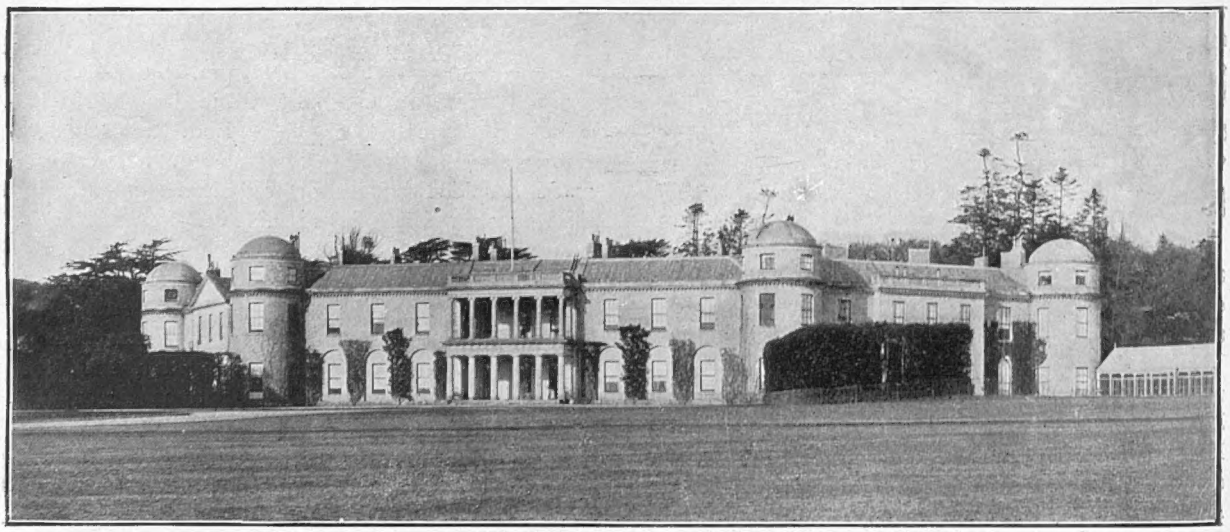


Photo by *Russell*

The King's Visit: Goodwood House, the Seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

The Theatrical Garden Party in the Botanic Gardens

All the profession and most of their friends flocked to Regent's Park to attend the Garden Party in aid of the Actor's Orphanage Fund. There was a bewildering programme of amusements of which the booth, pictured by our artist, was, perhaps, the greatest draw. "The Track of Blood," by Captain Marshall, was generally voted the success of the season. The posters, all by well-known artists, depicting the terrible crimes enacted within, were sold by the auctioneers, Messrs. Lionel Brough and Brandon Thomas. These two gentlemen acted as showmen and appear in our illustration vivaciously gagging to the much interested visitors. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the Garden Party, and expressed their warm appreciation of the manner in which they were welcomed

The Bystander in Parliament

A TREATISE ON PARLIAMENTARY PHYSICS

What the Royal Commission on Sweating reported, I know not, but during the recent heat-wave sweating was the first order of the day at Westminster. Even the Irish members fled to the Terrace to ventilate their grievances. Indeed, there were members who proposed that the debates should take place in Palace Yard, or in Regent's Park, as a rival to the Zoological Gardens, which they could allude to as "another place."

Perspiring Conservatives were yearning for the days when they could enjoy the "cool shade" of Opposition—and the Opposition was telling them a short way to that fancied happiness. What wonder that language became warm and that encounters were heated when the whole place was like an oven? Tories shouted down Mr. Churchill, Liberals shouted down Mr. Balfour, and the Irish shouted down Tim Healy—and some were in such a redhot condition that they felt inclined to shout themselves down.

The fact is, the heat might at any time have a serious effect on the state of parties. Take the theory of emission as regards heat for instance. That theory supposes heat to be caused by a subtle imponderable fluid surrounding the molecules of bodies so as to envelope them in a heat atmosphere. These have a repelling effect on each other, thus tending to dissolve cohesion. The merest political beginner can see in this how heat may tend to break up parties, and to cause them to dissolve. Now dissolving and dissolution are much the same. The repelling effect of heat has been witnessed in the shouting episodes already mentioned.

There is another theory of heat, known as the undulation theory. According to this, heat is caused by an oscillatory and vibratory motion of particles. There are times when something of the sort has been suspected even at Westminster, and when this further dictum of the scientist, "the hottest bodies are those in which the vibration moves quickest," has also been pleasingly illustrated. This, however, is a painful subject, and one which may easily be misunderstood.

Let me pass, therefore, to another scientific fact which shows how intimately heat and Parliamentary institutions are allied. "Heat," I read in a learned handbook, "makes gaseous bodies expand." Now I need not insist upon the self-evident truth that each member of Parliament is *per se*, and *qua*, and as such, a gaseous body. That is as manifest as any axiom of Euclid. Thus we find that heat makes members of Parliament to expand, and a policy of expansion may not be convenient or desirable. And, obviously, the more gaseous a body is, the more it will expand, so that, in the case of some well-known public men, there is really no limit to the process.

Turning again to my handbook, I find that "latent heat is absorbed by solid bodies." Whatever may be the case elsewhere, it is beyond all doubt that in Parliament a body may be at the same time solid and gaseous. Indeed, some of the most solid are very gaseous, while some that are unusually gaseous are appallingly solid. It is rather a reflection on the solid gentlemen to read that "latent heat"—the sort they absorb—"is opposed to sensible heat." But, of course, men do not agree as to what is sensible heat and what is the other sort.

Heat may also be transmitted by reflection—and this truth is often illustrated in the House. The other day Tiger Tim indulged in some reflections on John Napoleon Redmond, and heat was instantly transmitted. Indeed it romped up to about 500 in the shade in less than five minutes. I am bound to say, however, that our friends from the neighbouring island do not, as a rule, indulge in heat by reflection.

They are more interested in this teaching—"heat may be caused by friction, pressure, percussion, absorption, and imbibition." Friction is, perhaps, the most fruitful cause of Parliamentary heat, and pressure is also useful and accounts for much. As to "percussion," this, I fear, is usually tested elsewhere. The gentlemen step outside for such experiments, but when tried fairly and fully, undoubted heat results. Need I say anything about absorption and imbibition? In Parliament, and out of Parliament, all over the world men are illustrating the efficacy of these two great heat producers. They are nearly related, allied forces, twin causes of heat. Friction, pressure, and percussion fade away even in the strenuous field of Parliamentary conflict when compared with the mighty, though more silent, influences of absorption and imbibition!

S. L. H.

SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD

The world is always laughing. If you laugh, it laughs with you; if you cry, it laughs at you.

The world was calm, the garden was a wild,
And woman came—ah, *then* the serpent smiled.

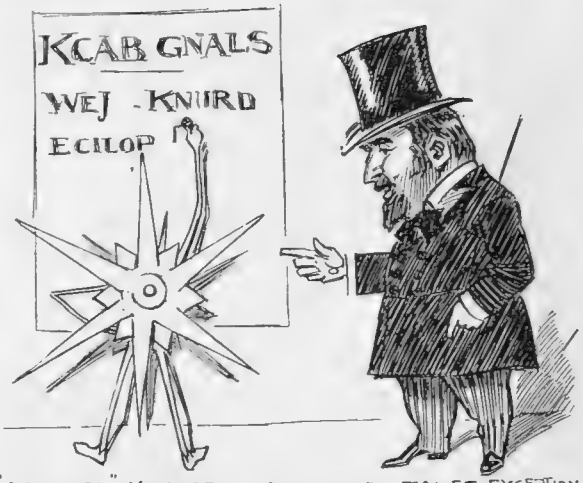
If you are nice to the world, it will treat you well; there is still honour among—the elect.

What looks so delightfully *chic* in the world is often merely chicanery.

There is only a little difference between the woman of the great world and a great actress, but it is a difference very difficult to make up.

E. M.

The Topictator



"DAGONET", MASTER OF DIALECTS, TAKES EXCEPTION IN "THE REFEREE" TO SOME OF THE "STARS" PUBLISHED SPECIMENS OF BACK SLANG. THE "STAR'S" OBVIOUS RETORT IS "RATS!"

PLYMOUTH SOUND JULY 10.
JACK (SOLILOQUISES) "AH — WE'RE PALS NOW"

"RUN AWAY, BOY. IF THAT WERE ALL I HAD TO WORRY ME——!"

TIMOTHY HEALY M.P.
"FAITH! ITS MESILF THAT'S ENJOYIN' MESILF

Without Apology

BY THE SILVER SEA

(Intercepted on its way to the *Daily Telegraph*.)

SEABOURNE

We don't hesitate to say some weather prevailed yesterday and during the week-end, but owing to a local mist, it is not quite clear what it prevailed upon. The summer season commenced with the summer. The full pleasure steamboat service began last week, but the full pleasure of the steamboat is not experienced until you get well off the Needles.

The orphanage *fête* will be held early and often this season.

The Great Hotel. En pen. 600 rms. Fac. sea.

Hotel Splendid. Cent. Pos. Two min. anywhere. Dec. and Fur. by Learings. Tariff on applic. or anything else.

SLYTHE.

Brilliant sunshine would have been enjoyed for 24 hours, at least, if there had been anyone on the front.

A new croquet lawn has been prepared in one of the gardens belonging to the wonderfully *chic* £30 houses; it is proposed to use it for croquet.

As a matter of Imperial interest we may mention that, in recognition of what seems like a thousand years of service to him, Mr. Mudds, the underground man of the cricket club is to be presented with a testimonial. Its nature has not been allowed to transpire.

The Golf Club continues to flourish, partly because its members continue to flourish the club. Many of the 500 members are ladies and gentlemen. . . .

Crowds of people are now visiting the town for a little while, and a large amount of accommodation is available. Facilities for getting away from the sea front and, indeed, the place generally, are very popular.

The Empire Hotel. Two mins centre of Bay; most convenient to natationists. Protective tariff.

"Now Tommy, you must be kind to the little doggie that Uncle Billie gave you."

"'Course I will. I'm going to take him over to Billy Brown's house and let him fight their bull-dog."

Something has again been heard lately about throwing open the doors of the House of Commons to the female sex.

For ourselves, we can only say that we should feel it our duty to oppose any such proposal with all the means in our power. We do not think that any chivalrous Englishman could quietly submit to the thought of members of the weaker sex being compelled, for perhaps hours together, to listen to the oratory of Sir Frederick Banbury or Sir Parker Smith.

It is stated that, with the object of studying municipal institutions, Baron Von Hammerstein, Minister of the Interior in the German Government, will shortly visit London. It is to be hoped that during the Baron's stay the Strand will not happen to be in a state of repair. It would be a pity for our distinguished visitor to miss seeing our most characteristic municipal institution.

By the way, it should be explained that the position of German "Minister" of the Interior" does not in any way correspond with that of the British "President of the Kitchen Committee," the present occupier of which exalted office was recently, it may be recollected, the subject of a sketch in our pages.

The *Daily Express* recently stated that a balloon, which ascended from the Crystal Palace, "was surrounded at a height of 4,000ft. by a flight of bats." It would be more interesting if the *Express* had given us the names of the Crystal Palace bats. Was Dr. W. G. Grace, for instance, among them?

The *Globe* states that "Trunks have been quiet and easier." With our recollections of the ordinary railway porter, we should have thought that at this time of the year Trunks would be the reverse of quiet and easy.

The Simpler Life

"One sign of the approaching close of the London season is that well-known people are leaving town daily to seek the simpler joys of country life."—Daily Paper.

Ended is the London season, and from scenes of stress and strife,
Sir and Lady Grafton-Bingham go to seek the simpler life;
Hire a little rustic cottage, fourteen rooms o'erlook the sea
Furnished, take the word of "Warings" just as simply as can be.
There the Misses Grafton-Bingham, each arrayed in Paris gown,
District-visit with devotion, on the curate smile and frown,
Read (by Gyp) improving stories, tramp the lanes in high-heeled shoes,
Snub their neighbours, squabble sweetly—thus the simpler life they choose.

Or, it may be, that Venetia, eldest of the Bingham clan,
Knowing time to be but fleeting, and the end of woman—man,
Gets papa to take a houseboat, there the simpler life to lead,
With occasional diversion, moonlight dance or fancy feed.
Men mote down in time for "brick-dust," spend the day in a canoe,
Paddled by the fair Venetia, simply gowned (by Worth, 'tis true).
"How divine," she gently murmurs, "thus to dream one's life away!"
And the men reply, "Delightful!" murmur thanks, and ride away.

Yet again, the Grafton-Binghams, pining for a change of scene,
Try a little Breton village, where the very sea is green,
Greener still the Breton peasant, simple-minded wight,
With his truly rural morals, and his bill which ne'er comes right.
By the beach is a casino, though, of course, one never plays,
Much, that is, for surely better 'tis to pass the sylvan days
Bathing, in the sweetest costumes, flirting with the weirdest men,
While the wicked world of London passes, banished, from our ken.

The following headline in a daily paper occasioned us a momentary interest:

CLERGYMAN'S FINE RECORD AT LORD'S

We found, however, that the headline did not precede a rejoinder to Miss Marie Corelli's article in last week's BYSTANDER. The reference was merely to a great score knocked up by the Rev. F. Gillingham, the Essex batsman, in the match against Middlesex.

A contemporary remarks:

It is to be hoped that the M.C.C. will take a business-like view of the matter, not only as a rebuke to the Surrey Club, who had plenty of time to revise their decision, but because of the necessity of keeping first-class cricket strictly serious.

But, surely, while Mr. Jephson, Mr. F. B. Wilson, and Mr. G. L. Jessop continue to write about the game, cricket can never lose its seriousness—we had almost said its sadness.

Another item of cricket journalism from another of our contemporaries:

To tell the candid truth, Hants have not yet won a match in the championship, and they suffer keenly from men of the class of Capt. Wynyard and Major Poore.

Is this *quite* what is intended? If so, it seems rather unkind to the gallant soldier-cricketers.

Glorious Goodwood's New Stands

The new stands which will greet racegoers at Goodwood next week, have been erected by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and will cost, when completed, nearly £40,000. Our contemporary, the *Sportsman*, says all that can be said of the new improvements at Goodwood in the following words: "Our only complaint is that we have nothing to grumble at, and so are robbed of an Englishman's dearest privilege."

The Palm of Beauty*

By MARIE CORELLI

It would seem, according to the society press, that beauty is a very common article. Indeed, if we are to accept the innocent ebullitions of the callow youths who drink beer and play skittles in the Social-Paragraph line of journalism, and who in their soft guilelessness are taken in and "used" by certain ladies of a type resembling Miss Skeggs and Lady Blarney in the "Vicar of Wakefield," we are bound to believe that beautiful women are as common as blackberries, only more so. In the columns devoted by newspaper editors to the meanderings of those intelligent persons, male and female, who sign themselves as Onlookers, Observers, Butterflys, Little Tom-tits, and what may be called "I Spys!" generally, one hardly ever sees the name of a lady without the epithet "beautiful" tacked on to it, especially if the lady happens to have money. This is curious, but true. And supposing the so-called Beautiful One has not only money, commonly speaking, but heaps of money, mines of money, she is always stated to be "young" as well. The heavier the bullion, the more assured the youthfulness. If unkind Time shows her to be the mother of a family where the eldest sprout is some twenty odd years of age, the complaisant "I Spy" is equal to the occasion and writes of her thus—"The beautiful Mrs. Juno-Athene brought her eldest girl, looking more like her sister than her mother." Whereat Mrs. Juno-Athene is satisfied, — everybody smiles, and all things are cosy and comfortable. If anyone should dare to say, especially in print, that Mrs. Juno-Athene is not "beautiful" at all, nor "youthful" in either looks or bearing, there would be ructions. Somebody would get into trouble. The "I Spy" might even be dismissed from his or her post of social paragraphist to the Daily Error. Heaven forbid that such a catastrophe should happen through the indiscretion of a mere miserable truth-monger! Let Mrs. Juno-Athene be beautifully and eternally young, by all means, so long as she can afford to pay for it. The humbug of it is at any rate kindly and chivalrous, and does nobody any harm, while it puts money in the purse of the hardworking penster, who is compelled to deal delicately with these little social matters sometimes, or else ruminate on a dinner instead of eating it.

Nevertheless, despite the "I Spys," and the perennial charms of Mrs. Juno-Athene, beauty is as rare and choice a thing as ever it was in the days of old when men went mad for it, and Greeks and Trojans fought for Helen, who, so some historians say, was past forty when her bewitching fairness set the soul of Troy on fire. A really beautiful woman is scarcely ever seen, not even in Great Britain, where average good looks are pleasantly paramount. Prettiness,—the prettiness which is made up of a good skin, bright eyes, soft and abundant hair, and a supple figure,—is quite ordinary. It can be seen every day among barmaids, shop girls, and milliners' *mannequins*. But Beauty — the divine and subtle charm which enraptures all beholders, — the perfect form, united to the perfect face in which pure and noble thought is expressed in every feature, in every glance of eye, in every smile that makes a sweet mouth sweeter,—this is what we may search for through all the Isles of Britain, ay, and through Europe and America and the whole world besides, and seldom or never find it.

Nine-tenths of the women who are styled "beautiful" by the society paragraphist, possess merely the average good looks;—the rest are generally more particularly distinguished by some single and special trait which may perchance be natural, and may equally be artificial, such as uncommon-coloured hair, (which may be dyed) a brilliant complexion (which may be put on), or a marvellously "svelte" figure (which may be the happy result of carefully designed corsets, well pulled in). Most of the eulogised "beauties" of the Upper Ten to-day, have, or are able to get, sufficient money or credit supplied to them for dressing well,—and not only well, but elaborately and extravagantly, and dress is often the "beauty" instead of the woman. To judge whether the woman herself is really beautiful without the modiste's assistance, it would be necessary to see her deprived of all her fashionable clothes. Her bought hair should be taken off and only the natural remainder left. She should be content to stand *sans* paint, *sans* powder, *sans* back coil, *sans* corsets, in a plain white gown, falling from her neck and shoulders to her feet, and thus cheaply, yet decently clad, submit herself to the gaze of her male flatterers in full daylight. How many of the "beautiful" Mrs. Juno-Athenes or the "lovely" Lady Spendthrifts could stand such a test unflinchingly? Yet the simplest draperies clothe the Greek marbles when they are clothed at all, and jewels and fripperies on the goddess Diana would make her grace seem vulgar and her perfection common. Beauty, real beauty, needs no "creator of costume" to define it, but is, as the poets say, when unadorned, adorned the most.

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Now it is absolutely impossible to meet with any "unadorned" sort of beauty in those circles of rank and fashion where the society paragraphist basks at his or her pleasure. On the contrary, there is so much over-adornment in vogue that it is sometimes difficult to find the actual true colour and personality of certain ladies whose charms are daily eulogised by an obliging press. Layers of pearl enamel picked out with rouge, entirely conceal their human identity. It is doubtful whether there was ever more face-painting and "faking up" of beauty than there is now,—never did beauty specialists and beauty doctors drive such a roaring trade. The profits of beauty-faking are enormous. Some idea of it may be gained by the fact that there is a certain shrewd and highly intelligent "doctor" in Paris, who, seeing which way the wind of fashion blows, brews a harmless little mixture of rose-water, eau-de-cologne, tincture of benzoin and cochineal, which materials are quite the reverse of costly, and calling it by a pretty *sobriquet*, sells the same at twenty five-shillings a bottle! He is making a fortune out of women's stupidity, is this good "doctor," and who shall blame him? Fools exist merely that the wise may use them. One has only to read the ladies' papers, especially the advertisements therein, to grasp a faint notion of what is being done to spur on the "beauty" craze. Yet beauty remains as rare and remote as ever, and often when we see some of the ladies whose "exquisite loveliness" has been praised for years in nearly every newspaper on this, or the other side of the Atlantic, we fall back dismayed, with a sense of the deepest disappointment and aggravation, and wonder what we have done to be so deceived?

Taken in the majority, the women of Great Britain are supposed to hold the palm of beauty against all other women of the nations of the world, and if the word "beauty" be changed to prettiness, the supposition is no doubt correct. It is somewhat unfortunate, however, that either through the advice of their dressmakers or their own erroneous conceptions of Form, they should appear to resent the soft outlines and gracious curves of nature, for either by the over-excess of their outdoor sports, or the undue compression of corsets, they are gradually doing away with their originally intended shapes and becoming as flat-chested as jockeys under training. No flat-chested woman is pretty. No woman with large hands, large feet, and the coarse muscular throat and jaw developed by constant bicycle-riding, can be called fascinating. The bony and resolute lady whose lines of figure run straight down without a curve anywhere from head to heel, may possibly be a good athlete, but her looks are by no means to her advantage. Men's hearts are not enthralled or captured by a Something appearing to be neither man nor woman. And there are a great many of these Somethings about just now. I am ignorant as to whether American women go in for mannish sports as frequently and ardently as their British sisters, but I notice that they have daintier hands and feet, and less pronounced "muscle."

At the same time American women on an average, are not so pretty as British women on the same average. The American complexion is unfortunate. Often radiant and delicate in earliest youth, it fades with maturity like a brilliant flower scorched by too hot a sun, and once departed returns no more. The clear complexion of British women is their best feature. The natural rose and white skin of an English, Irish or Scottish girl,—especially a girl born and bred in the country, is wonderfully fresh and lovely and lasting, and often accompanies her right through her life to old age. That is, of course, if she leaves it alone, and is satisfied merely to keep it clean, without any "adornment" from the beauty doctor. And, though steadily witholding the divine word "beauty" from the greater portion of the "beauties" at the Court of King Edward VII. it is unquestionably the fact that the prettiest women in the world are the British. Americans are likely to contest this. They will, as indeed in true chivalry they must, declare that their own "beauties" are best. But one can only speak from personal experience, and I am bound to say that I have never seen a pretty American woman pretty enough to beat a pretty British woman. This, with every possible admission made for the hard-working society paragraphist, compelled to write of numerous "beautiful" Ladies So-and-So, and "charming" Mrs. Cashboxes, who, when one comes to look at them are neither "beautiful" nor "charming" at all.

But British feminine prettiness would be infinitely more captivating than it is, if it were associated with a little extra additional touch of vivacity and intelligence. When it is put in the shade, (as frequently happens,) by the sparkling allurements of the Viennese coquette, the graceful *savoir faire* of the French *mondaine*, or the enticing charm of lustrous-eyed sirens from southern Italy, it is merely because of its lack of wit. It is a good thing to have a pretty face; but if the face be only like a wax mask, moveless and expressionless, it soon ceases to attract. The loveliest picture would bore us if we had to stare at it dumbly all day. And there is undeniably a stiffness, a formality, and often a most repellent and unsympathetic coldness about the British fair sex, which re-acts upon the men and women of other more warm-hearted and impulsive nations, in a manner highly disadvantageous to the ladies of our Fortunate Isles. For it is not *real* stiffness, or *real* formality after all,—nor is it the snowy chill of a touch-me-not chastity, by any means,—it is merely a most painful, and in many cases most absurd self-consciousness. British women are always more or less wondering what their sister women are thinking about them. They can manage their men all right; but they put on curious and unbecoming airs directly other feminine influences than their own come into play. They invite the comment of the opposite sex, but they dread the criticism of their own. The awkward girl who sits on the edge of a chair with her feet scraping the carpet and her hands twiddling uneasily in her lap, is awkward simply because she has, by some means or other, been made self-conscious,—and because, in the excess of this self-consciousness she stupidly imagines everyone in the room must be staring at her. The average London woman, dressed like a fashion-plate, who rustles in at afternoon tea, with her card-case well in evidence, and her face carefully

set in proper "visiting" lines, offers herself up in this way as a subject for the satirist, out of the same disfiguring self-consciousness, which robs her entirely of the indifferent ease and careless grace which should,—to quote the greatest of American philosophers, Emerson,—cause her to "repel interference by a decided and proud choice of influences," and to "inspire every beholder with something of her own nobleness." She is probably not *naturally* formal,—she is no doubt exceedingly constrained and uncomfortable in her fashionable attire,—and one may take it for granted that she would rather be herself than try to be a Something which is a Nothing. But Custom and Convention are her bogie men, always guarding her on either side, and investing her too often with such deplorable self-consciousness that her eye becomes furtive, her mouth hard and secretive, her conversation inane, and her whole personality an uncomfortable exhalation of stupidity and dullness.

Nevertheless, setting Custom and Convention apart for the nonce, and bidding them descend into the shadows of hypocrisy which is their native atmosphere, the British woman remains the prettiest in the world. What a galaxy of feminine charms can be gathered under the word "British"! England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland offer all together such countless examples of woman's loveliness, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give the prize for good looks to one portion of Britain more than to the other. America, so far as her samples have been, and are, seen in Europe, cannot outrival the "Old Country" in the prettiness of its women. But it is prettiness only; not Beauty. Beauty remains intrinsically where it was first born and first admitted into the annals of Art and Literature. Its home is still in "the Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sung."

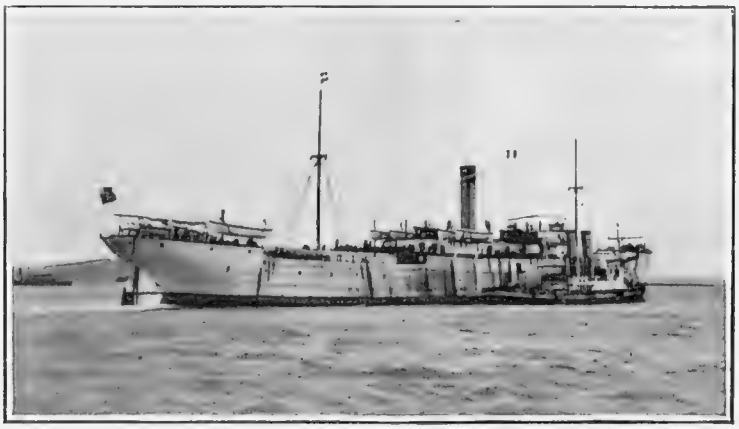
Nothing that was ever created in the way of female loveliness can surpass the beauty of a beautiful Greek woman. True, she is as rare as a butterfly in a snow storm. True, the women of Athens and of Greece generally, taken in the rough majority, are not on an average, even pretty. Nevertheless the palm of beauty remains with them—because there are always two,—or may be three of them, who dawn year by year upon the world in all the old perfection of the classic models, and who may truly be taken for newly-descended goddesses, so faultlessly formed, so exquisitely featured are they. They are not famed by the society paragraphist, and they probably will never get the chance of moving in the circles of the British "Upper Ten" or the American "Four Hundred." But they are the daughters of Aphrodite still, and hold fast their heavenly mother's attributes. It is easy to find a hundred or more pretty British and American women for one beautiful Greek—but when found, the beautiful Greek eclipses them all. She is still the wonder of the world,—the crown of womanly beauty at its best. She shows the heritage of her race in her regal step and freedom of movement,—in the lovely curves of her figure, in the classic perfection of her face with its broad brows, lustrous eyes, arched sweet lips and delicate contour of chin and throat, and perhaps more than all in the queenly indifference she bears towards her own loveliness. So

> "Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
> On Suli's bank and Parga's shore,
> Exists the remnant of a line
> Such as the Doric mothers bore;
> And there perhaps some seed is sown
> The Heracleidan blood might own!"

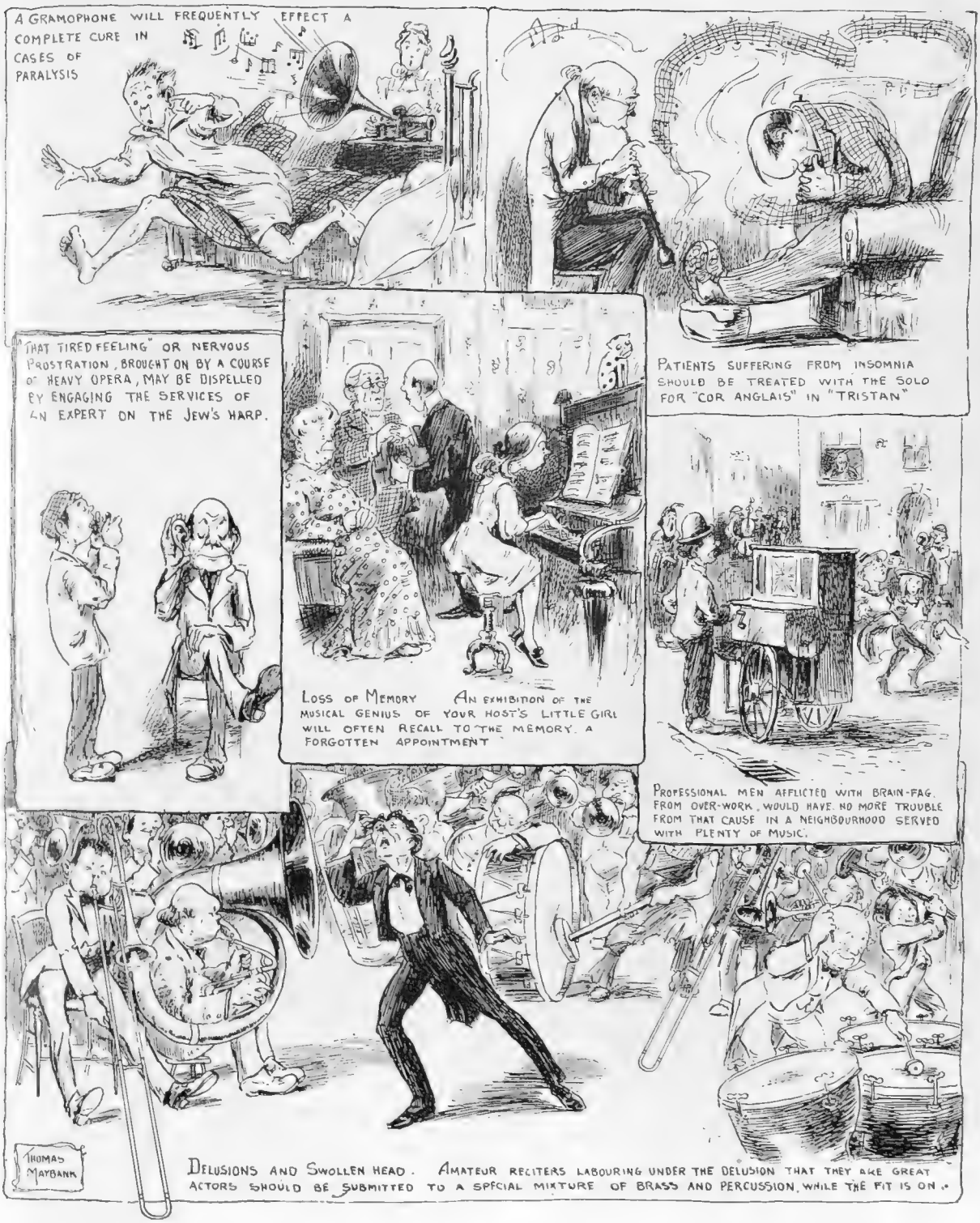
And there still, may be found the perfection of womanhood — the one rare Greek lily, which blossoming at few and far intervals shows in its exquisite form and colouring what Woman should be at her fairest. To her, therefore, must be given the Palm of Beauty. But after the lily, then the rose!—or rather the roses, multitudinous, varied, and always sweet—of the Fortunate Isles of Britain.

Marie Corelli.

Next week, the subject of Miss Marie Corelli's article will be "The Madness of Clothes"



S.S. Tweeddale entering Durban Harbour with the first batch of Chinese coolies for the mines



THE MUSIC CURE FOR THE AFFLICTED

American Society, it appears, is indulging in a positive craze for the Music Cure. It has long been affirmed that, in certain categories of mental or nervous diseases, specialists have successfully experimented upon patients with this music treatment. We are told that a person suffering from any severe bodily ailment requires "strong, invigorating music" of quite a different character from that tried on a person mentally ill, who needs softer, slower melody. With regard to the choice of instruments, there is a good deal of latitude.—EVENING PAPER.

AMERICAN TOPICS

It is understood that there is a larger allowance of civilisation per head in Boston than in any other part of the United States. Yet there has just been decided, in that town, a case which smacks rather of the methods of the simple Central African or the untutored Touareg. The plaintiff had advertised his ability to find men suitable wives, and had been retained to provide an appropriate partner for a minister's son. The evidence showed that he had done his best, and left no stone unturned in the quest for such a lady as was sought. But while he was at work, the young man selected and married a girl of his own choosing. So the agent claimed his fee, 5,000 dollars, and sued for it when it was refused. He was awarded 500 dollars, on the principle that the time of a busy man must be paid for. This should have been paid ungrudgingly. It is a small price enough for escaping the kind of wife that could be procured by a matrimonial agency. But it is news that a marriage-broker's contract can be enforced in such a paradise of civilisation and progress as Boston. In backward old England it cannot be done.

Judge Parker
Who has just been nominated candidate for the Presidency of the United States on the Democratic ticket

Nobody minds how much is paid for a wife after marriage — nobody but the husband, that is; and the American husband, if a man of means, often likes to see his family spraddling the money around. Such a man was Mr. Sully, the late Cotton King, whose examination in bankruptcy, just concluded, brought out some interesting details. A year ago Mr. Sully was in London, where he bought and paid for an automobile, which cost him eleven hundred pounds. After using it on a tour of the country, he had intended to sell it; but his daughter expressed a liking for it, so he gave it to her.

Among the creditors in the bankruptcy was a firm of fur-dealers, to whom Mr. Sully owed upwards of thirteen hundred pounds, mainly for apparel for Mrs. Sully and the Misses Sully. Among the items were a muff and boa sold at £240; a Persian lamb coat at £520; and a cape and muff for the coachman at £44. Also there was "an unplucked otter muff" at £105, of which the District Attorney remarked that it came as a relief after so much plucking had been described.

There has just died at Denver the most notable mother of whom we have record in this or any other age. Mrs. Gillespie had thirty children, and they were all twins. Englishmen may take a certain pride in the knowledge that she emigrated from their country to the States forty years ago.

In the course of one day, 400 persons were arrested for firing pistols in the streets of New York. On the same day, forty-six persons were killed by accidents with explosives in various parts of the country, and 1,977 people seriously injured from the same cause. These are the official figures, and they are smaller than usual. The occasion, by the way, was not that of a General Strike or an Anarchist Rebellion. It was merely the celebration of the Glorious Fourth of July.

Judge Parker, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals in New York, the Democratic party's candidate for President, has begun well. His first campaign story was in circulation within an hour or two of his nomination by the excited Convention at St. Louis. The news (so the tale ran) was carried to him at a time when he was bathing in the Hudson, and he came out dripping to shake the hands of the throng of reporters who brought it. He is a man of whom nothing is known beyond the facts that he is of conservative temper and a strong "sound money" man; that he has not made a political speech for some fifteen years; that he managed the Democratic campaign for the Governorship of New York State in the eighties with great ability; that he is a good lawyer, a man who has made himself, a quiet, balanced, dignified and strong character. He is fifty-two, of unblemished reputation, and altogether a man of the true Presidential timber that Americans have always loved. If anyone can beat Mr. Roosevelt in November, Alban Brooks Parker is the man.

FROM ABROAD

Church Services by Telephone

Clearly and sweetly the words of the famous old hymn, "How firm a foundation," came to the ears of the patients in the Samaritan Hospital, Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday. Dr. Russell Conwell had caused the hospital to be connected with the Baptist Temple by means of telephones, and, with megaphones strung in front of the pulpit and receivers in the hospital wards, the singing of the splendid chorus and the words of the sermon were distinctly heard by the patients. Dr. Conwell first experimented with the idea while his daughter was a patient in one of the Philadelphia hospitals. At that time it was found possible for her to hear the services at her father's church by fixing a temporary megaphone and telephone connection, and the monotony of hospital life was so agreeably relieved by the innovation, that Dr. Conwell determined to carry the idea out on an elaborate scale. When the attachments had been completed, the service was so realistically close to the ears of the hospital inmates, that many joined involuntarily in the exercises, scarcely realising that they were a long distance from the church.

Hospital patient following a church service by telephone

By means of this attachment the church service taking place in the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, can be followed by the patients in the Samaritan Hospital

Photos by *Peirce and Jones*

The Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, fitted with megaphones in telephonic communication with the hospital wards

DRAWN BY *T. RUDDIMAN JOHNSTON*

A State Banquet at the Imperial Palace, Tokyo

The Emperor on extremely rare occasions gives a State Banquet, to which are invited all the leading Statesmen, Diplomatists, Generals, Adm'rals, &c. All the guests have similar portions of food placed before them in two trays. This food consists of soup in a covered bowl, fish, pickled vegetables, rice, &c., and is eaten by means of chopsticks. The drink consists of saké—a drink brewed from rice—which the attendant serves warm into little handleless cups. The Emperor remains only a short time, and eats little. The guests begin when he has finished. The Japanese are not particular about hot plates, and cannot understand that food should be either hot or cold, so a banquet gives little trouble

Japanese Girls Playing at Cards

The cards being all laid on the floor-mats, face upwards, one girl "leads," and then there is a scramble among the others to secure a stronger card, or one that may become powerful as the game progresses. During such a game, a European is as much interested in the beautiful hands as in the lively faces. The cheese-like structure to the right is the Hibachi in which charcoal lying in ashes is burned, and which is alone used to supply warmth in a Japanese house in winter time. The double box with the cords, contains rice cakes

A Farewell to the Crown Prince

The Crown Prince is seen leaving Shimbashi Railway Station, Tokyo, for Hiroshima, where troops are raised before shipment to the seat of war

SKETCHES OF JAPANESE LIFE BY T. RUDDIMAN JOHNSTON, AN ARTIST CORRESPONDENT IN TOKYO

CONCERNING MR. BEERBOHM TREE

(NO. 33 OF THE SERIES)

There are some words, which, one feels after hearing them uttered, say, a quarter of a million times, that the English language would be better without. One conceives against them the blind, unreasoning hostility which is awakened in all powerful intellects by anything which has become too familiar. Thus, it is exceedingly distasteful to such minds to hear the word "versatility" mentioned. There are only two persons in connection with whom it is used; but they are accused of it, every day, in the personal paragraph, in the after-dinner speech, in the train going to the City, in the boudoir, in the pavilion, in the smoking-room, in the tea-shop, and, very likely, in the padded cell. They are Mr. C. B. Fry and Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Unhappily, our language has limitations, and there is only one word for the most astonishing quality of Mr. Tree. To allow it a rest would be to miss the point in speaking of him. He is the chameleon of the stage. Put him against any play, and he immediately turns the colour of the principal part in it. He has played old men and young men, good men and bad men, practical men and visionary men, Russian men and Japanese men. He has played the Devil, and he has played the Reverend Robert Spalding. He has played Svengali, and he has played Falstaff. He has played the Police Minister of the Tsar, and the War Minister of the Mikado. He has played Count D'Orsay and Mark Antony. He is everything by turns, and nothing longer than the public will stand it.

In the *rôle* of the melancholy Jaques, Mr. Tree has uttered the saying that one man in his time plays many parts. Did Shakespeare, who knew the Elizabethan stageland so well, ever see any man play so many parts in the same evening as Mr. Tree did a little while ago, when he wound up his season with an orgy of versatility? Richard the Second, Zakkuri, Malvolio, and The Man Who Was, were all represented on that occasion, and only the limits of time prevented Mr. Tree from adding to these the characters of Napoleon and Charley's Aunt.

Yet it is all movement without essential change. Every one of his characters, from Ulysses to Gringoire, has the legs and the intonations and the gestures which every really amusing young man in London can imitate. And so it is that Mr. Tree is worshipped. A change in the nature of beer would not be more fiercely resented by a certain class of Londoners than a change in the nature of Beerbohm would be by a certain other class. Were he to dispense for a single evening with his pained expression, money would be demanded back at the doors. Should the angularity of his attitudes or the softness of his lisp be abated too boldly, the house might be wrecked. No, London loves Mr. Tree. In his modesty, he may seek to convince the interviewer or the after-dinner audience that it is Hamlet, or Captain Swift, or The Tempter that London loves. Not so. It is to see what the Popular Favourite will do, what he will wear, what little ideas of his own he has had about an historic part, and about how much money he has spent, that London desires when it orders its carriage or climbs into its omnibus, bound for His Majesty's Theatre.

In short, the plain truth about Mr. Tree is that he is an interesting man. He may shrink from and bewail the intolerable fact, and insist that he is the merest mummer; but the discriminating watcher of the public moods can hardly get away from it. People are struck and hypnotised by his singular personality: and moreover, sharing his ideas about proper dramatic effect, they delight in seeing him work them out and embroider upon them. "There is not much subtlety about Tree's idea of a strong situation," said a critic lately in a certain circle. The Philistine who murmured, "And a jolly good thing too!" was charged with the expression of the people's thought.

It is some thirty years since Mr. Herbert Beerbohm—the Tree was not then grown—was finally led to the conclusion that operations in grain, on howsoever vast a scale, were unsuited to his talents. For some time he had pondered the matter in his father's offices. He had trodden, on occasion, the amateur stage. The taste grew. His dreams were of sticks of grease-paint that ever eluded his eager grasp. Wigs filled his waking thoughts. And at last, in 1878, came the day when he faced, for the first time, an audience which was paying him to act. He played Grimaldi then. It was some years later that he made an undoubted hit in the part of The Private Secretary, since monopolised and reconstituted by Mr. W. S. Penley.

As it was somewhat unfortunately put the other day, Mr. Tree is the husband of one accomplished actress, and bids fair to be the father of another. Miss Viola Tree's *début* this season was, as Gladstone said of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's maiden speech, refreshing to a father's heart. But it is Mr. Tree's ambition to be the spiritual father of many more of those who will carry on the torch of his art. His school of acting is an enterprise worthy of a man who has done so much to dignify and exalt his profession. To all its students we offer that advice which Miss Viola Tree is said to have given, in earlier days, to her father, when he told her that he could not afford a certain expensive luxury. "Then do be quick and learn to act better," the child admonished him, "so that you may be able to buy what you like."

"And one man in his time plays many parts"

"At the Sign of the Times"

Early Victorian Holidays

How the Victorians—Early and Late—got through their summer holidays, possessing none of those advantages which make the season endurable to ourselves, is a mystery. They had no express trains, no railway literature, no tea-baskets, to soothe them on the way down to Brighton or where-not; nor did they find, on their arrival, that a thoughtful municipality had provided them with tents on the beach, esplanade concerts, pier oratorios, winter gardens, nigger artistes, strong men, pleasure-cruisers, or shilling four-in-hands to picturesque and historic points of interest in the neighbourhood—in order that they might be persuaded to stay on for yet another week.

Mixed Bathing

Bright discussions—as to whether Single Women are Happiest, whether Men should Smoke on the tops of Omnibuses, and so forth—were not started by the newspapers in those days to enable them to pass their time in a wholesome and contented frame of mind. They were not diverted by the presentation of important problems such as the propriety of mixed bathing. I doubt if it occurred to any save the most emancipated. They had but dull souls—most of them—and bathed without reflection.

The Evils of Protection

The Victorian man, whiskered yet indomitable, would launch forth in the boat of a retired smuggler, his towel in one hand, his life in the other, and take his dip among the deep-sea fishes, while the smuggler told yarns such as would make even Mr. Chamberlain think twice about Protection.

The Days of Casabianca

Madam, meanwhile, under the sensible shade of a green cotton umbrella, would fix her eyes discreetly upon the white sails of ships in the offing and think of Britain's glory—of Nelson and Casabianca—and whether the mutton sandwiches would suffice till dinner time. Her children built castles about her on the sands or caught shrimps with butterfly-nets.

Frightening the French

If she, too, aspired to bathe, she would bide her turn for the bathing-machine—that dank and horrible structure built after the fashion of Noah's Ark—whence she would emerge, clinging to a rope, in a costume that made swimming impossible, it is true, but was eminently calculated to frighten the French, should they think of landing on our shores. That was a consideration, in those days, before the *Entente Cordiale*.

Mayor's Nerves and Nests

We have changed all that. At least Madam has. She braves the sea now in a confection from Paris, and nobody but a Mayor and his Councillors are ever frightened by it. As civilisation increases, even their nerves are likely to be improved. At least one hopes so. For then they will fix their attention on the impropriety of spoiling the English coasts by massing trippers in one place; which done, Propriety may be left to look after itself.

A Good Precedent from Berlin

Things are sometimes managed with great good sense in Berlin. I do not refer to the race between German and French milliners, which proved another Sedan, but to the conviction—by the Berlin Court—of the man Bering. This quack, who is said to have had patients from all parts of Germany, was found to have sold, as a cure for—among other ailments—broken legs, catarrh, and dyspepsia, a perfectly worthless decoction made up of honey and water flavoured with anise-seed. He got three months.

The Growth of Quackery

It is true that this is considerably less than a man usually gets in Germany for suggesting that the Kaiser is not, for example, a born artist or diplomatist or admiral—suggestions which, outside Germany, might be considered as at least plausible; but the principle is there. The man was sentenced as a quack. Here, where every day produces some new quack, nothing is done. England swallows his doses, which are advertised broadcast, retains her dyspepsia, and reads, with a hypochondriacal interest, the reports of a Committee upon National Degeneration.

A Case for War Correspondents

Even the United States have begun a campaign upon the quack medicine man, after long years of national indigestion. I cannot help thinking that if some of their war correspondents were sent to the front on this business, there would be some lively reading in the Press. It certainly wants "whooping-up" more than the Russo-Japanese war; which is of a sufficiently grave interest to need no "Rumour-writers."

The Other Side

Twenty pounds—I learnt the other day from an advertisement of *Household Words*—may be won for a penny. There is no doubt these are easy times to live in. Twenty pounds is an excellent return for a penny. Only, of course, there is always the chance that one may not be the man to get the twenty pounds. I only mention it because in this sort of event it is so seldom stated.

Children's Letters

In the same advertisement of the same journal, which, as the Editor does well to remind us, was founded by Charles Dickens, I was struck with the heading, "The Children's Own Page, with Letters." Everyone knows the letters children write to the papers :—

DEAR UNCLE JULIUS (OR AUNT JEMIMA)—

I am 6½ years old. I have a canary. He laid an egg the other day, so I thought that soon I would have two canaries, and their songs would be beautiful. But my guvverness said it would take a very long time before the other canary came out of the egg. So I blode it. This might interest other children.

Your affectionate little friend,

JOHNNY B. JONES.

Are they Genuine?

What is not really known is whether these letters are the genuine production of the child. Johnny wrote it, no doubt, but did he write it of his own free will, with the desire to see himself in print? Are we to suppose that the *cacoëthes scribendi* does indeed beset the tenderly young? Sometimes I have hoped that Uncle Julius or Aunt Jemima invented these letters—wrote them out of their own heads—and that children are not guilty of swelling the ranks of the Press.

Johnny Grown Up

Alas, I have but to take up the *Times* or some other paper to have these fair hopes extinguished :

To the Editor, *The Times*

SIR,—May I venture to claim the hospitality of your well-known columns to voice what I have no hesitation in contending is the preponderant opinion of all right-minded men? In spite of the stab in the back dealt by the Free-Fooders, the Chertsey election proves beyond any shadow of doubt . . . etc., etc.

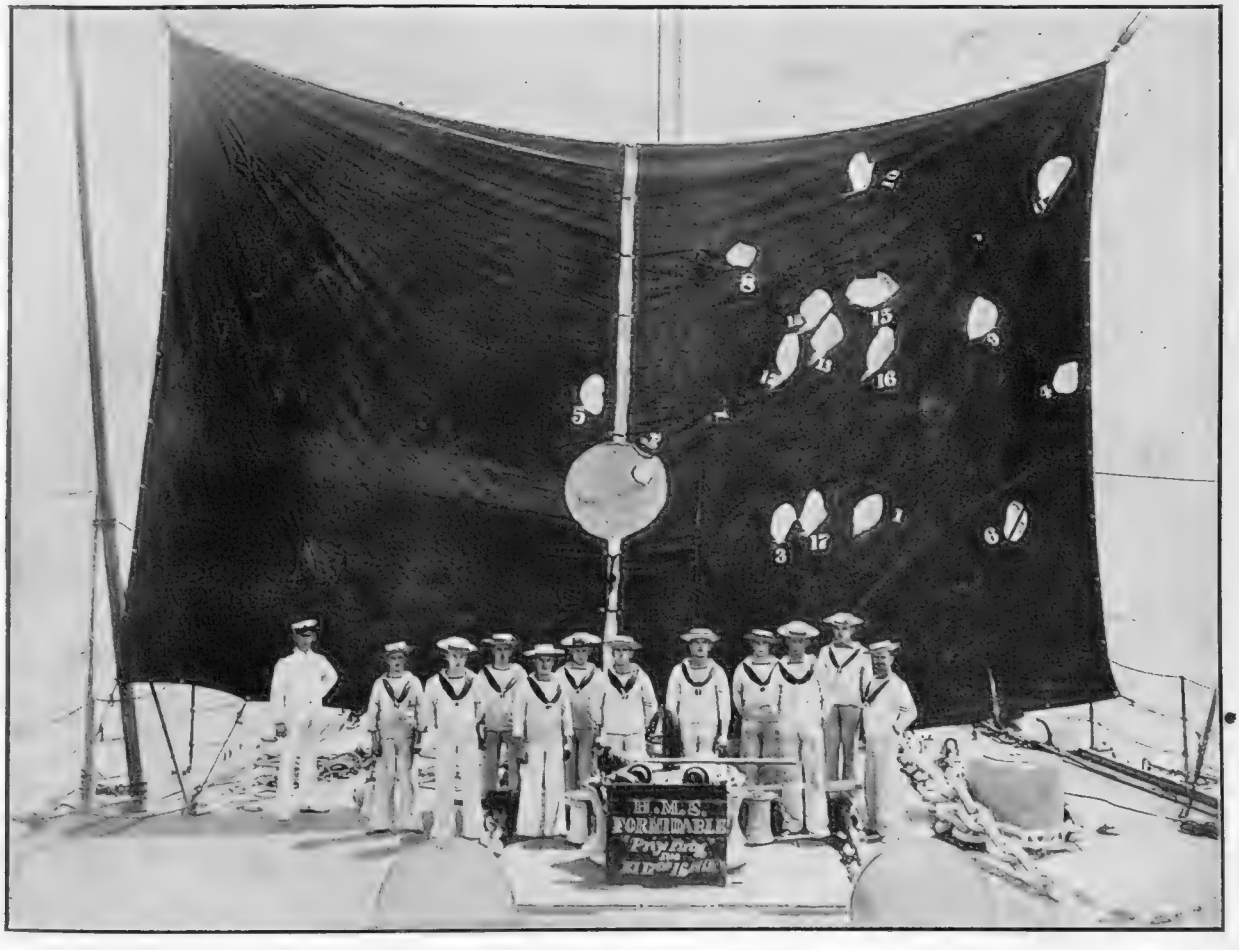
INDIGNANT TORY.

One need not re-write the letter to its well-meaning end. The pen of Johnny is in it. The child was father—beyond any shadow of doubt—of Indignant Tory. Unless parents and governesses can nip in the bud all symptoms of this mania of writing to the papers, parents and governesses yet to come will have to suffer for it, by being compelled to read the effusions of Tories indignant to everlasting ages.

A Tory Virtue

Not but what I personally like Tories to be indignant. Indignation is in some curious way a Tory virtue. Liberals never manage to be merely indignant. And Tories manage it properly only when they are in Opposition. That is why, without any political prejudice, I look forward to the General Elections. I wish to see Mr. Balfour indignant once again. But this is straying from brevity.

MINIMUS.



"Formidable" in Name, Formidable in Deed

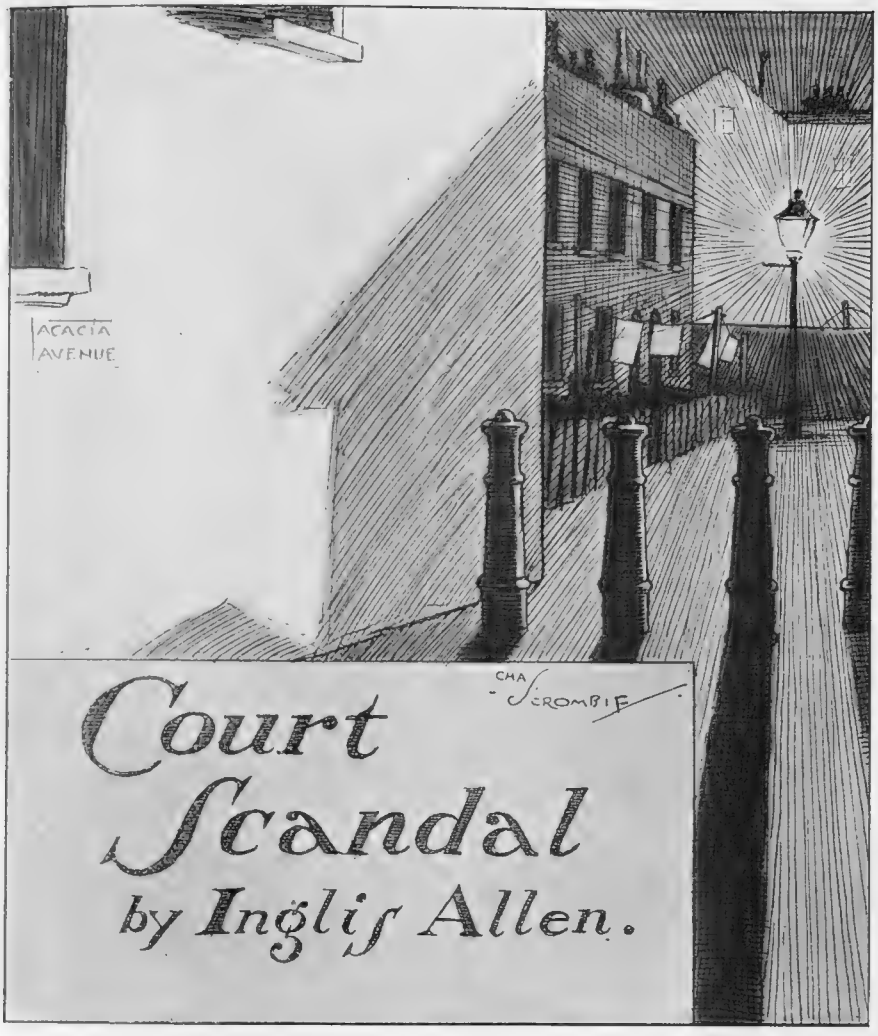
The above photograph, taken recently on H.M.S. *Formidable*, at Malta, should prove a death-blow to croakers who doubt the efficiency of our first line of defence. The target is 30ft. by 20ft., the minimum range 2,000 yards, and the speed of the ship 12 knots. Seventeen shots were fired in two minutes by the gunner seen standing exactly in the middle of the group. Sixteen shots struck the target, and fifteen of them were unerringly placed on one half of the canvas

ACT I.—ALGERTON: "I've just returned from Scotland where I shot this golden eagle in the Highlands . . . . .

. . . . . we'll have it mounted in a case for the study . . . . or on a standard in the hall"

ACT II.—CHORUS: "Great Heavens! if the cook hasn't plucked it and served it for dinner."

A SOCIETY DRAMA IN TWO ACTS



Court Scandal

by Inglis Allen.

Leading out of the main road, in proximity to the police station most comforting or disconcerting, as the case may be, is a short blind alley, separated from the outside world by four iron posts, and furnished with a single gas-lamp sprouting from the middle of the asphalt near the wall at the further end. By day the place is plain and squalid enough; dishevelled matrons interchange the daily stories of their lives from opposite doorways, and the dirtiest of children make the dusty iron posts the melancholy centre of their games. But at night a mantle of beauty falls over the scene—at night when the posts throw long, quiet shadows towards the main road, and the solitary lamp at the end sparkles like a little jewel in the darkness, and the low houses are black and silent beneath the sky, so that you find yourself wondering what vague secrets are hidden behind the mystery of those closed, dark windows.

Approaching the spot to-night, I become conscious, from the little crowd that has gathered across the top of the alley, and from the loud female voices proceeding from behind it, that one, at any rate, of the dark secrets of Acacia Avenue is being laid open to the public view. Making my way into the group, I perceive the chief figure of interest to be a thick-set lady with a very towsled head, who, with the upper part of her body inclined very far forward, and one hand passionately clutching her shawl, is drowning, in her energetic denunciations, the defence of a flat-figured woman standing with her back to one of the iron posts. A few feet distant slouches the figure of a man in toil-stained garments, who from time to time aids the prosecution with any argument that may occur to him.

"You try ter take away my kerricter!" screams the accusing lady. "You try to, that's all!"

"I've lived in this road eleven years——" begins the other.

"You say things about me!" screams her opponent. "You say 'em!—You said 'im an' me went to a ball tergether yes'day!"

"I never went ter no bloomin' ball," here puts in the gentleman. "I was at the Wheatsheaf. There it is dahn there, if yer wanter see it. Large as life. The Wheatsheaf 'Otel."

"I've lived in this road ——" begins the second lady.

"You said I was wearin' of 'is wife's boots!" continues the accuser. "*You* try ter take away my kerricter!"

"Eleven years I've lived in this road——" begins the other.

"There's my boots!" screams her opponent, affording us all a clear view of them. "Look at 'em! Are *they* 'is wife's boots? Give me by a lady I works for at Putney wot 'ad 'er 'usband paralysed. Two pairs of 'is boots she give me!"

"My wife's boots?" puts in the accuser's ally brilliantly. "'Ow d'yer think she's goin' ter wear my wife's boots? Look at 'er feet!"

"You shut yer 'ead!" cries the accuser suddenly turning on him. "I don't want no one ter defend *my* kerricter! I can 'old me 'own," and, slewing round on her adversary, stands over her with one formidable fist upraised.

"Now, then!" she cries fiercely. "Let's 'ear wot you've got ter say against my kerricter. Say it! Say it!"

"Go orn!" suddenly comes in encouraging tones from a ruffianly looking personage standing next to me. "Go orn—say it!"

"You mind yer own bizness!" screams the accusing lady revolving, and glaring in my direction with a fierceness t at makes me feel decidedly nervous. "'Oo are you a torkin' to?"

"Bloomin' lot o' torkin'," complains my disgusted neighbour, turning to me. "Where's the *'ittin'*—

(*All rights reserved.*)

that's wot I wanter know. Why don't she 'it 'er like a—a woman? I dunno wot's comin' ter the Walham Green women."

With which he slouches off up the main road with the look of a man whose illusions with regard to the sex have long ago been shattered. Meanwhile the accuser, after standing over her silent adversary in a threatening attitude for some moments, turns with a snort of triumphant disgust and moves off down the court, with character, for the present, intact. At last the second lady is able to deliver herself of the whole of her defence.

"I've lived in this road eleven years," she cries, addressing her opponent's retreating back, "an' I've 'ad eight children!"

The lady folds her arms and compresses her lips.

"I'm a decent man," he adds oratorically. "That's wot I am. A decent bloomin' man. I earn my livin'. You're a scandalisin bloomin' woman."

The lady continues to glower at him sideways with an unpleasantly sullen expression.

"You're the sorter woman," he continues, raising one hand dramatically, and addressing himself half to the lady, half to the crowd, "wot wants to get a man *dahn—dahn* on the grahnd. And when yer've got 'im *dahn*—when yer've got 'im *dahn*——"

The D.B.M. seems at a loss for words to describe what happens under these circumstances, and contents himself with expectorating symbolically.

"Now, then!" she cries fiercely, "Let's 'ear what you've got to say against my kerricter. Say it! Say it!"

In reply to which the other, without turning her head, triumphantly reiterates, "Say it!" and moves on, a dim figure, through the shadow towards the jewel-like gas lamp. The toil-stained gentleman has approached the second lady and removed his pipe.

"Shall I tell yer wot you are?" he proposes. "You're a scandalisin' bloomin' woman. A gen'leman cawnt pors a compliment to a lidy——"

"You tork ter me?" demands the lady, regarding him sullenly.

"A gen'leman cawnt stand a lidy a glors of ale or two but yer wanter go gettin' 'im torked abaht. I don't wanter be torked abaht at no bloomin' tea parties."

"I earn my livin'," he resumes, "an' I don't care 'oo 'ears me say it. I earn my livin' an' nothin' ain't never goin' t' indooce me not to. I'm a decent bloomin' man."

Still silence from the lady.

"I don't wanter tork ter nobody," continues the D.B.M. fluently, addressing the crowd who gaze at him with a sort of stolid curiosity. "I don't never tork ter nobody *abaht* nobody."

The crowd receives this somewhat complicated assurance without excitement.

"And I earn my livin'," adds the D.B.M. as an afterthought. "That's fair rations, ain't it mate?"

The particular member of the crowd singled out as "mate" makes no answer.

"I say that's fair rations ain't it mate?" persists the D.B.M.

"Mate" removes his pipe.

"I don't interfere in no one else's quarrels," he observes.

"Qui ri," remarks the D.B.M.

"I've got enough trouble o' my own," adds "Mate."

"Good," assents the D.B.M. approvingly, and turns again to the lady still regarding him sideways with ominous sullenness. "You're a scandalisin' bloomin' woman, that's wot you are. A scander—lisin'—bloomin' woman."

Suddenly the lady unfolds her arms and rolls up her sleeves with a great show of determination.

"You tork ter me?" she cries. "I've 'ad eight children in this 'ere road!" and advancing upon the D.B.M. aims several feeble blows at his head.

"'Ere, chuck it! That's enough of it!" cries the D.B.M., retreating hastily into the crowd, with one arm shielding his head. "I don't want t' 'ave nothin' ter do with yer!"

"Eight children!" cries the lady loudly. "All of 'em in this 'ere road, an' 'e tries ter tork ter me!"

Suddenly she turns, and, pulling at her sleeves, strides off up the main road towards the advancing figure of a woman. The D.B.M. is once more addressing the crowd:

"I'm a decent bloomin' man, and I don't fear nobody. I'm prepared ter defend my reputyeshun. If 'Is Majesty the King was ter come dahn 'ere attackin' of my reputyeshun I shud tell 'im the same as wot I tell 'er. I'm a moral bloomin' man. I'm a merried man. I'm a man wot can look 'is feller men in the face—an' women too. A man wot can——"

"'Ere comes your ole woman," suddenly says a voice in the crowd.

The D.B.M. stops short, and without a moment's hesitation turns and lurches off through the posts and on, followed by his shadow, down the dusky alley, groping with one hand in his trouser pocket. As he disappears into a dark doorway, his late adversary arrives, excited and voluble, accompanied by a stout woman in a black velvet cape. The latter puts a brief question to one of the crowd.

"Gone in, is 'e?" she repeats. "The cowardly tyke! You jest wait a minute. I'll learn 'im ter go ter balls!"

She strides through the posts, and in a few seconds both she and her shadow are swallowed up in the darkness of the doorway. Several vigorous bangs with a knocker echo up the alley, followed by a pause, then by the sound of a door opening.

"You'd go ter balls would yer!" yells a strident voice, and the thud of a blow resounds through the court. "You'd get yerself torked about with Annie Bird. You'd——"

There is the loud bang of a closing door, a muffled commotion from within the house, and then silence.

Gradually the little crowd melts away, and Acacia Avenue with its deep shadows and its jewel-like gas-lamp lies thoughtful and still, once more, beneath an indigo sky.

"Gone in, is 'e?" she repeats. "The cowardly tyke! You jest wait a minute. I'll learn 'im ter go ter balls!"

TWO PRETTY STUDIES

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

LADY LYTTON AND HER BABY SON,
VISCOUNT KNEBWORTH

OF CHILDREN

Photo by *Lafayette*

LADY CONSTANCE MARY AND LADY CLARE

DAUGHTERS OF LADY ANNESLEY

The "Messiah's" Return

The "Messiah," it is rumoured, has returned from his religious retreat at Spaxton to his pretty suburban "Above of Love" in North-East London! Local concerns have been set aside in order to leave a free field for energetic remonstrance against the unknown doctrines of the Agapemonites. The good people of Clapton will again hold excited meetings on the Common, and demand, if not the head of the Rev. Smyth-Pigott, at least a sight of it. He is, indeed, the most tantalising of ministers. Neither execration, nor invitation serve to draw him into the open. If the reverend gentleman is anything of a humorist, he must have many a quiet chuckle as he looks out from the windows of his villa upon the crowds of people that line the palings enclosing the little garden of Cedar Lodge. Meanwhile, no story is too wild to appease for a brief period the aching nerves of a public that is curiosity-mad. There is some satisfaction to be derived in the sport of baiting a Dowie. The Doctor gives as good as he gets. "Pigs! Dogs! Reptiles! Geese!" he retorts to those who refuse to shower largesse into his broad-brimmed hat. Mutual abuse clears the air, and puts the combatants on good terms with themselves. But the Rev. Smyth-Pigott, with his ban of silence, is gradually imbuing the staid British public with the tortured emotions of a howling Dervish. The "Lamb" is reducing the Lion to a state of imbecility.

The "Ark"—the Church of the "Messiah" at Clapton

Photos by *Shield*

Cedar Lodge, Clapton

The pretty suburban residence of the Rev. Smyth-Pigott, commonly alluded to as "The Abode of Love"

OUR SHORT STORY

LONGING*

BY LOUIS COUPERUS

[*Louis Couperus, the celebrated Dutch author, is less known in this country than his talents deserve. So far, but few of his works have been translated into English.*—ED.]

I.

"There is nothing," thought he, "but my own sensibility. For me that is the only truth in the world."

He felt it strange to be walking there, amid the bustle of the boulevard, lost between the stream of people going with him and the stream of those coming towards him, all, it seemed to him, with some object, which caused them to hurry, elbowing one another to make way for themselves and to reach their destination a second sooner. Few women were among them: they were mostly men, men with important business; and they wore a scarcely definable air of hostility towards him, as though they at once saw that he was not one of themselves, that he had about him a strange aspiration differing widely from theirs, too widely for them not to push against him more rudely than against those of their own kind.

"They all have something to do," thought he, "except me. I never have anything to do. . . ."

Mechanically, he stopped before a shop-window sparkling with jewels, diamonds darting out pink and yellow rays like rainbow-beams from flowers of light, blossoming in the light of other flowers of light: light flowers, groups of electric-light chalices blossoming like blue opal lilies against the plate-glass, which was so transparent that, for its clearness, it was as though it were not there.

And he longed for a soul of diamond, hard and glittering, of radiant substance, but still substance; a soul of substance that would suffer less than his own, woven out of invisibility and intangibility, which suffered.

Two women pushed lightly against him as he stood before the window. They, too, had surely something to do, something important.

"And I have nothing to do!" he thought. "What *shall* I do?"

He saw himself, as in clear water, reflected in the plate-glass of the shop window; his pale face, in the dead electric radiance, was like the face of a corpse. He could see that he wanted shaving, and it came as a sudden and most pleasant inspiration to him that he could be shaved now, at the barber's some doors further. He walked the few steps towards the barber's with the important mien of the passers-by. He had something to do.

"But, after that, what shall I do?" already he asked himself.

Meanwhile, he had entered, sat down in the red-leather arm-chair before the mirror and the marble toilet-table glittering with its nickel toilet-bottles, as if they were silver, in the light of electric lilies. The barber, with his curled hair and his fatuous smile, adjusted the napkin with nimble fingers beneath his chin, lightly rumpling it over his collar. He laid his head back on the rest.

And, while he felt the shaving-brush fidgeting over his cheeks, leaving the thick white lather behind, where it passed, he thought of one or two houses where the hostess would be at home at this time, half-past four, tea-time. He could look in upon them; he was dressed for visiting. But the idea did not attract him: he felt too dull, too much oppressed with his grief, longing too greatly for what he was always seeking, for what he never found. . . . .

The barber, with light finger-tips, blandly turned his head to the left, and he felt the cold sharpness of the razor glide over his skin, with a slight scratching as it met the beard. He sat motionless, staring at the violet and gilt roses on the ceiling. The barber turned his head to the right. He would be finished immediately; how quick that barber was! . . . .

Of course, he was certain of finding his friend Braauws, the painter, at home now. But there were always so many visitors there at this hour: young artists, enthusiastic natures, fluent, full of vitality, consumed by their art; sometimes women, too, smelling of musk, the perfume that made him ill.

"Then, what, in Heaven's name, shall I do?" he asked himself again, at his wits' end.

He was finished; he passed the corner of the napkin over his face; the barber sprinkled a few drops of *lait d'Iris* on it, like the white sap of flower-stalks. In despair, he fell back in his chair, with a sigh. The barber threw the dressing-mantle about him and lightly powdered his cheeks.

"Trim my hair a little and just singe it a bit. My moustache too."

He was glad to have thought of this. He sat bolt upright now, staring at his powdered face, like a death-mask, the mask of a tragic Pierrot, with two glowing black eyes set in it. The barber's scissors went fluttering over his temples, clipping away lightly. A little flick with the brush to remove the small hairs and so much more was done. Then came the singeing.

Fortunately it took longer to singe him, very long in fact.

[*Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.—*All rights reserved.*]

He breathed again, scarcely noticing how the barber carefully singed him, just curling the short hair with the soft warmth. He thought on, absolutely unable to make up his mind; even now he did not know what he should do. He remembered his other friend, Bells, who, like himself, lived in Paris with nothing to do. Bells always sat outside the Café de la Paix at this hour, with a glass of bitters and curaçao before him, his hands atop of his stick, staring at the bustle. He might dine with Bells, and go somewhere afterwards . . . . But Bells always made him still more melancholy than he was before. He was very much attached to Bells, but he did not want Bells now; no, not Bells. . . .

"Supposing I went this evening to the Français: they are playing *Phèdre*, with Adeline Dudlay," he thought, with a despairing effort; for he was quite dressed, shaved, the powder dusted away, his hair curled, his moustache twisted up and glossed with a breath of brilliantine, his eye-brows even just touched with a tiny coquettish brush; and the barber took off the mantle and bowed to him, smiling.

But ah, he did not know why: the Français had no attraction for him either; nothing attracted him, nothing, nothing. . . .

So he just stood up in his despair; the barber brushed him down, held his overcoat for him, handed him his cane, his gloves, smoothed the side of his tall hat. He paid; there was nothing more for him to do there; he left, bowed out by the smiling barber, who held open the door for him. . . .

"O my God, what shall I do, what shall I do, what shall I do?" he asked himself outside, in unspeakable wretchedness, lost once more, aimlessly, among the bustling importance of so many people hurrying along.

II.

He had a five-balled coronet on his cards and on his pocket-handkerchiefs; he had a refined, gentle, engaging countenance, a little pale and sad, with his great black, longing eyes. He was tall, slight almost to leanness; his dress was always as naturally elegant as though it had grown with him. He was independent, having some fortune, an income of about twenty thousand francs, which sufficed, seeing his comparatively simple needs, to enable him to live well, now here, now there, with no fixed abode, driven on by his restlessness. He had relations in Holland: at Arnhem, at the Hague; and he knew people everywhere. He was well liked, though considered rather quiet for his eight-and-twenty years; but he had always been considered quiet, too quiet. He was regarded as one of the fortunate ones of this earth, blessed with prosperity, a man of family, fortune and lovable disposition: all this ought to make him happy.

Yet he was not; he never had been. From his childhood he had never been happy. He had lost his parents early in life—he scarcely remembered them—and, long ago, his loss had brought a coldness to freeze about his life, a coldness that seemed never to have thawed. True, his guardians had always been good to him and worked for his welfare. Yes, it seemed to him that the whole world had always worked for his welfare, always; had endowed him, even in his cradle, with every gift of this earth. For was he not free to order his life as he chose, independent of everything and everybody? He seemed to have been born under not ordinary, but particular conditions, which allowed him to live in ideal liberty, in freedom from all the cares and drudgery of mankind. He had never, never been happy, because—and this had been the case almost from his cradle—desolation had always hemmed him about like a field of ice, like glacial perspectives, wide and drear and sunless. Never had he felt within him the warmth of sympathy, the warmth of parents' love, nor even of family affection—his guardians had been bankers, merely honest men of duty, without warmth—still less even had he ever felt within him the glow of a friendship, the flame of a love. Yet he had inspired a good deal of sympathy, even love; but neither the one nor the other had he ever been able to reciprocate, and, without the response in himself, the warmth of sympathy, of love, had never meant anything to him. To be happy, he must needs himself love, and never had he found an object for his love. From the days of his first childhood, in whatsoever direction he had looked around him, it had always been the same ice-field, the endless glacial perspectives, in which tall icebergs slowly floated, with heaven-high peaks of ice, pointing to skies of heavy, heaped-up snow, not falling yet, but lowering, threatening, vaguely white. And, oh, how did he not long, how had he not always longed, for warmth, for glow, for flame, for flame on flame, for passion, to scorch and blind him! In his soul he felt a fire, a sacred fire of futile energy, burning for no god, there, upon that lonely altar of his soul. Was it his fault that he had never found his god, that he had never met in the world a single being to whom he could devote himself, to whom he could be at once worshipper and worshipped? Did he ask too much, did he long for what was too lofty, did he forget that he was still in a human world? Had he perhaps passed by that being a hundred times, rushed by that sister-soul, not recognising it? Had he perhaps even repulsed its advances, thrust it aside a thousand times? Or was it Fate, which makes a man, which loads him with all good things, all worldly gifts, and withholds only just the one thing which he would prize above all those gifts, which would be his happiness, the reason of his existence, the solution of the riddle of his life? . . .

He had never understood any of these things; and he had never understood why he, so useless, lived. Why was it, after all, this existence of his, this endless, fruitless search of his soul for another soul? Why this whim of—whatever it might be: Providence or Fate—to give him so much that gives others joy and to withhold from him—oh, so much also!—what to him was the only thing? He did not at present think much about it—he had thought enough about it long ago—because he knew for certain that he could never know. And then, he no longer felt that it mattered much to him, the why, the why of the world, the why of himself, riddles which he had tried with all his strength to solve when he was seventeen or eighteen: a pale, quiet, dreaming youth, with his big, wide eyes of ceaseless longing. It mattered more to him now, as a man of twenty-

"Just singe my hair a bit"

eight, whether or not he should find that soul, that sister-soul, for which he yearned so deeply within himself, never telling of it, never letting any peer into the depth where that longing lurked. . . . Because—and it was just this—he had never yet met such a one, man or woman, who had roused in him the irresistible, irrevocable, fatal desire to give himself, to disclose himself, so that the man or woman—whom he had not found—might see the longing in the depth of his unlocked soul. Oh, how he longed to meet them! He would sometimes look deep into the eyes of men and women whom he knew, as though to find in them a glance of encouragement, a glance of twin love. And never, never! He had acquaintances, so many, spread over the world; he had friends, a few, who were fond of him, but who did not see, could not possibly see into his soul; for eight years, he had been more or less in love with a young married woman: she adored him, she would have gone with him wherever he wished, away from her husband and her child. Then, immediately afterwards, he got himself engaged to a young girl; she, after a year of suffering, had, much against her will, released him from his promise, seeing plainly that he had not enough affection to make her a husband.

Why could he not have been content to receive? Why must he give in order to be happy? Why did he never find, even among those who gave to him, one to whom he, too, could offer the whole treasure of his heart?"

III.

He was reserved, but his face had something sympathetic, magnetic about it, something that attracted, fascinated, captivated the most disparate natures. It was a certain restful indifference, as though he did not heed what was thought of him, what impression he made; an indifference touched by a gentle engagingness into an aristocratic repose, which was never haughty, never offensive: this, too, from indifference, for it was really not worth the trouble to be haughty, offensive, even if his innate gentleness had suffered him to be so, even in his moods of greatest heedlessness. And this gave a play and variety of soft tones to his presence, something so naturally distinguished, in its gentleness, that anyone with the least interest for knowledge of mankind could not keep his eyes off him, was compelled to follow him to study his movements, the modulations of his voice, his manner of sitting in his chair, the soft trait of his sad smile about his light-brown moustache.

He attracted, fascinated, captivated. He possessed a charm that was irresistible. Everyone thought him sympathetic. And never, never, among all those who came to him, had he found one with a soul to understand his own and to love him with that sympathy which joins two in the constraint of one narrow circle, as in a girdle that binds together, a ring that locks.

Was that which he longed for so unattainable, then? Was it so hard to find, so ideal? Was he the only one who longed so, or was there here, or in some other world, another like himself, who yearned as he yearned? . . . . And if there was, when would they two meet? In this life? After a thousand metempsychoses? Oh, it was no mania, this of his: it was to him an all-fervent, noblest longing for that other; it was to him an all-noble privation, a bitter want, that boreal desolation of his soul. He had so often been mistaken already, mistaken in Braauws, in Bells, in the young married woman, in the young girl, thinking of them, by turns, that here lurked the soul which he sought, cherishing for a short while the illusion that now the ice-field would thaw in the sunshine. And then—at the very point of giving himself, giving himself passionately, unlocking all the secret of his nature, like an empty sanctuary opening to the god coming to be enshrined within it—he had darted back, realising that he was wilfully, knowingly deceiving himself in the burning longing of his quest, realising that he had not yet found it, that it was not here. . . And yet, when he suddenly drew back, he immediately doubted, doubted the accuracy of his insight:

"Supposing this to be really the one? Supposing that I have now repulsed the sister-soul?"

Oh, never, never! Never the certainty, never the electric flash revealing the twin soul, unmistakably, with its zig-zag of fire! And he wandered on, round about the world, smiling at the superficial sympathy that met him at every turn, smiling because he was not haughty, but gentle, with but little bitterness in him and no irony. The sorrow which he felt so really gnawing within him, like hunger, filled him not with spite, but only with inconsolable melancholy. Perhaps he would not have felt this sorrow so vividly if he had been brought up from childhood in some narrow circle of constant and routine occupation, of whatever nature, that would have left him no time for deep introspection. Even then, perhaps, who knows? For the nights, the sleepless nights, are always our own, in the sepulchre of darkness, to feel the workings of our sorrow. But, however it might have been, he was still an aristocrat, who had never felt a profession proper for him; for he had always looked down a little strangely upon the world, the world where people toiled so much and so uselessly from motives of such small ambition, where people carried on so much useless commerce, so aimlessly, while to him the true aim of life seemed so plain, so simple: to love and be loved. So he had never been tempted to take up a profession and had always lived in complete freedom, in the complete independence of an easy existence. And so he had had full leisure for deep introspection, for the intense realisation of his anguish.

Surely he had felt his hunger, the hunger of his soul, gnawing him as eagerly, more eagerly perhaps, than that poor child felt hers, there on the boulevard, in her fluttering rags, in the draught at that corner which he never turned without giving her a few sous, superstitious about the alms and trembling in his longing as he heard the hoarse voice of the little beggar-girl cry after him:

"Thank you, *p'tit m'sieu*, that will bring you luck!"

"Do you think so? . . . I hope so, my child!" he had once replied.

IV.

He could never pass a beggar without giving one of the coppers which he kept ready for them in the little ticket-pocket of his coat. When he saw them standing there, or squatting—one even knelt on the cold flags, a blind man kneeling and holding up his cap, kneeling there motionless for hours together—he

imagined to himself that they were not other than himself, who was also a beggar in the cold of his desolate life; then he gave them his alms, was not able to do otherwise; it would have been hateful to him to pass them without heeding their wants and entreaties, which cut through his soul like a cry coming from himself.

To have everything and to have nothing! To have the prosperity of the world, the independence of his individual existence, a seeming superfluity of the outward show of fortune, and to lack the being whom he wished to see sharing this superfluity by his side; to go alone, in this superfluity, like an egoist, a misanthropist, and with a love scorching within him, powerless to devote itself, powerless to overwhelm another with what he himself possessed. And oh, to dare to give utterance to that sorrow, in no single way; for, had he dared to utter it, he would also have found that other and, had he been able to utter it to all, he would have been an artist, a giver of life to the dead word; and he was no artist, at least not a creative artist, however much he might be the artist of his own malady, for ever refining it, refining his soul into a *bibelot* of suffering! No, he had not even that consolation; he was doomed to go unconfessed, consumed by the hunger of his lonely heart, a miser with great treasures, treasures of the heart, locked up in his heart, and suffering poverty. . . .

V.

When he reflected upon his grief and asked himself why he did not find when so many did find, he came to this solution: what he demanded was the absolute, the perfect, the whole; while others were contented with what was only relative, imperfect and a part. He had never been able to reconcile himself to the "almost" of the world; the "almost" had always made him suffer. All that he saw about him in the world, all that men called great and noble he thought "almost"; and, whatever were present, the absence of that which would have completed perfection had always poisoned his appreciation of what was called great and noble. He despaired, too, because he always at once detected what was missing, because he could never wholly abandon himself to a feeling of approbation, of admiration, because his feelings, too, were always "almost" Oh, if he could only once "wholly" feel! The "almost" would torment him in a crease of an otherwise irreproachable dinner-jacket, in a less perfectly engraved letter on his visiting-card, as well as in the imperfections of the highest art or of human life.

The world was "almost" and, still worse, the world was old, worn-out, stale. Oh, how his soul suffered under it, his soul craving its ideal, to worship as an idol, longing for its ideal as it longed for Heaven! The world was old and stale, and every day new souls were pitchforked into its weariness, young souls, doomed to breathe in it the pestilence of its decay, doomed to live in it for a period, to grow old in it, to suffer in it. . . . Oh, the staleness, the foulness, the leprosy of the world! In everything he met its rankness: in the mud of the streets, in the sweat of his own body, in the conscious brutality of his own soul. All the radiance of the first life, all the purity of the once young world, the Eden of Genesis, were as though decomposed by the pestiferous vapour of its uncleanness. Oh, to have a pure soul and perfect members! Purely to live a life of pure sympathy in a perfect world! When he thought thus, he read Dante's *Paradiso* or Sully's *Bonheur*, but he was troubled by the theology in the one, the philosophy in the other, in both by the indelible conventionality which hung—as bound, because they were human—about their humanity.

Oh for purity, freshness, innocence! Innocence above all, the adorable innocence of first impressions, first sensations, of first efforts, of virgin virginity, the bloom as pure as snow of a spring-time of ineffable innocence! A world of translucent child-souls, laughing for innocence from clouds of purity! The first day-dawn: in that purely to bathe one's life and one's soul, till life and soul were young anew in fresh child-life, and then to be smiling and sorrowless in radiant perfection! So to remain, to grow no older, long, long to remain so in the limpid rose and the ethereal gold of first, primeval morning dawn! Not to grow up, but always to be small, naked and tiny in sinless innocence, to laugh and sing with eyes and mouth of innocence, high above the mud and the sweat, to love in innocence alone, with caresses free from voluptuousness, with kisses of the soul!

VI.

He always remembered the indignation to which he had once driven his friend Braauws, the painter, in the Louvre, before the Venus of Milo.

"I always look for the arms; and, then, I cannot help seeing that she looks as though she had had the small-pox," he had had the courage to say. "I can never find perfect pleasure in a mutilated statue: it hurts me. . . ."

"Haven't you enough imagination to picture to yourself what the statue was before it was mutilated, though you *have* to look for the arms?" Braauws cried angrily.

He shook his head, with his unhappy, gentle smile:

"Had I been able to see it, then I should have found some other imperfection in it. . . . Don't be angry with me: I am like that, I can't help it. I always seize upon any imperfection, in art as well as in life."

"But an imperfection in life is often precisely what is interesting in it!" Braauws exclaimed.

"Very likely. . . . But you speak and feel as an artist, and I cannot; I am only a sensitive man, and to such as I an imperfection is a pain," was his humble excuse.

He could not help it, he was so. He saw what was missing and suffered from the "almost" in plastic art; he heard it, he suffered from it in music; he felt it, he suffered from it in literature. And, most of all, he felt it in the life of feeling itself: for he could not wholly love anyone in whom he found something missing, in whom he detected an "almost."

"How delightful to be able, like a woman, to love someone for his faults," he would think. "To be able 'wholly' to feel as a woman does. I know that the sole aim of my life is to be able to do this just once, and I know equally that I shall never satisfy that aim. . . ." Louis Couperus.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia." By W. F. Reddaway. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnam: 5*s.* and 6*s.*)

"Rembrandt." By E. A. Sharp. "Little Books on Art" Series. Illustrated. (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Masters of English Literature." By Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan.)

NEW FICTION

"A Bachelor in Arcady." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Captain Fortune." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Judy's Lovers." By Katherine Tynan. (White: 6*s.*)

The Oppressor

"Russia as it Really is." By Carl Joubert. (Nash. London: 1904.)

It has been my lot to spend nine years in Russia. During that period I have visited every Government in the Empire; I have associated with every class; I have been the guest of princes and the bedfellow of peasants; I have feasted in the palaces of St. Petersburg the dissolute, and I have sat at the feet of the greatest thinker and philosopher in Russia. And I, too, have thought sometimes. And my thoughts I have carried in my brain—for it is dangerous to think in Russia, and a thousand times more dangerous to commit those thoughts to writing. I have acquired the languages of the country, Russian and corrupt Russian, Polish, Lettish, Lithuanian, and Yiddish.

These are Mr. Joubert's qualifications for writing the present book, throughout which can be traced, more clearly than anything else, the influence of the "greatest thinker and philosopher in Russia." The volume falls naturally into two parts; the first is a denunciation, composed rather in the style of the prophet Jeremiah; and the second is narrative. To deal with the denunciation first: it is really difficult to know what to say about it; it is an intensely bitter and forcible piece of declamation, but, like all declamation, it suffers from being committed to paper. This is the text: "Russia is the Tsar: the Tsar is Russia. The Synod belongs to the Pope; and the Pope is the Tsar, and the Tsar is the God on Earth." Logically, therefore, the Tsar is responsible for the terrible misrule which prevails throughout the empire, and of which the author adduces a formidable array of evidence. Mr. Joubert, perhaps, retains such a vivid recollection of the oppression which he has witnessed in Russia that he forgets that to those of less experience his indictments may seem a trifle too comprehensive and indiscriminate. He scourges the Russian Church, and the Tsar as its head, because the peasantry are still the slaves of many of their primitive superstitions; but this is the case, in greater or less degree, with regard to any peasantry on earth; and, in fact, in his chapter on the Jew in Russia, the maintenance of old customs is made a subject of praise. After all, it is not so very serious to believe that "if a black crow should perch on a hog's back, no business must be done that day." One cannot help feeling that the moujik at least contributes to his own oppression. "He never wishes for anything, nor frets for what might have been. He has no ambitions beyond his daily needs. If he has enough, he has it; if not, it doesn't matter." Apart from the question of morality, it is possible to comprehend the attitude of a Government which, in these days of over-education, does not wish many millions of its subjects to be taught that they are unhappy. But their condition and the attitude of the Government is best illustrated by the following incident:

When I was in Tomsk, on my way to Siberia, my passport "ran out," and it was necessary for me to apply for a new one. There was a good deal of trouble about it, and I became impatient. "In my country," I exclaimed, "it is only the dogs who are required to have passports." "They are all dogs in Russia," the official answered surlily.

In a chapter on "Justice" in Russia, which, though not so laconic, may in effect be compared with the celebrated chapter on Snakes in Ireland, is the following simile:

Is it possible that Holy Russia is unclean? In the law of Moses it is laid down that the beasts which are cloven-footed and chew the cud are clean. . . . The outward and visible signs, the cloven feet, are the courts and machinery of the law. The chewing of the cud is the conscientious administration and use of the means provided for justice. To be clean, a Government must divide the hoof and chew the cud. If it only succeeds in one of these essentials, it is unclean. Even the swine is anxious to appear clean. Watch him living in his sty. He buries his snout in the mire, so that none may see that he does not chew the cud, but his cloven feet he exposes to the view of all. The cloven feet of His Imperial Majesty, the Tsar of all the Russias, are patent to the world. . . . But what about the cud?

This verges on the grotesque, and the use of the word *patent* in the last sentence is unfortunately suggestive of shoe-leather, but the identification of the cloven hoof with "the courts and machinery of the law" will appeal to many. The subject of Russian justice leads to the second half of the book,

where the author relates, modestly enough, how he rescued a friend when the latter was on his way to exile in Siberia as a political prisoner. The story is well told, and owing to the more moderate tone, and the straightforwardness with which it is written, forms a far more terrible indictment of Russian methods than the rhetoric of the first half of the volume. The narrative is entitled "A power above the Tsar," and it was by the employment of this power—the power of the rouble—that the author was ultimately successful. Armed with this, and certain introductions supplied by a sympathetic friend in the government, together with a number of blank passports purchased beforehand, he ultimately succeeded in tracking the gang of convicts with whom his friend was travelling. By making friends with various high officials, and the judicious employment of bribery, he obtained entrance during his search to many of the roadside prisons built for the temporary reception of exiles *en route* for Siberia, and many of the descriptions are pitiful in the extreme. After some months he overtook the convoy, and by bribing a sergeant procured the escape, not only of his friend, but of two of the latter's companions. The account of the negotiation with the sergeant would be amusing had the issue at stake not been so serious:

"Tell me, sergeant," I said; "if I were to place a fifty-rouble note on your eye, could you see?"

"No, Doctor. I should not be able to see with that eye; but I could see out of the other."

"Oh, you could! Well, then, fifty roubles on your other eye would make you totally blind?"

"Yes, doctor, I should be blind for life. There are so many colours in a hundred-rouble note that it is impossible to see through it, I am told." . . . .

"Now, supposing that I place another on your mouth, would you lose your power of speech?"

"A man cannot speak with his mouth full of paper, gospodin. You are a doctor, who knows well the medicine to prescribe for every disease."

On the whole, the book is highly interesting, and well worth reading; it has conviction stamped on every line of even the most wildly rhetorical passages, and the author's qualifications and experience demand attention for his words. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

England has no truer friend in the whole of Europe than Professor Vambéry, whose reminiscences, to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, should make one of the best books of the coming season. Arminius Vambéry considers this country almost as much his fatherland as his native Hungary, and not long ago, it may be remembered, he came over from Budapest on a visit to King Edward, who has conferred upon him the Victorian Order. He has a most romantic career to write about in his forthcoming book. Fatherless, lame, and well-nigh penniless, his life up to the age of eighteen was one long struggle against starvation. Yet by the time he reached his twentieth year he was known as one of the most accomplished linguists in Europe. Thus he became famous as a traveller. For his great journey across Central Asia, he disguised himself as a Dervish, and travelled to Khiva with a tribe of fanatics, who, had they discovered him, would probably have torn him to pieces. Fortunately, he came through in safety, and is now one of the greatest living authorities on all Asiatic questions. Professor Vambéry will also have many curious things to tell concerning the last three Sultans of Turkey, as well as of the last two Shahs of Persia, all of whom he knew quite well.

Another big book of reminiscences, to come from the same publisher, will be "Bygones Worth Remembering," by the veteran, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, whose "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life" appeared twelve years ago. Mr. Holyoake has crowded so many exciting incidents into his life that he will have no difficulty in filling this further volume. It will include an amusing account of his experiences on the day of the great Chartist scare, and many personal recollections of such men as Mazzini, Garibaldi (with the story—now told for the first time—of his British Legion, of which the author was acting secretary), Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer. It is just half a century ago, by the way, since Mr. Holyoake incurred his £600,000 of fine in aiding the repeal of the tax upon knowledge, a fine which, as he himself says, he "was under the necessity of asking Mr. Gladstone (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) to take weekly."

Mr. H. Irving Hancock is adding yet another book to his already extensive literature on "Jiu-Jitsu"—or "muscle-breaking"—the method of physical training which the Japanese have practised for the past 2,500 years. The new book—the fourth volume in the series—is called "Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks," and it tells you of subtle pinches and grips which are warranted temporarily to paralyse your opponent's muscles and nerves, no matter how powerful a man he may be. Much space is devoted to the very practical subject of stopping blows with fists, for the ordinary English fighter is powerless against "Jiu-Jitsu," the master of which can deliver a blow with the little-finger edge of his flattened palm that will snap a bamboo pole or the spinal column. So, at least, it is claimed by Mr. Hancock, whose new book on the subject, like the three companion volumes, is coming from Messrs. Putnam.

"Weatherby Chesney's" new novel, "The Mystery of the Bungalow," which Messrs. Methuen are publishing, is essentially a book for the holidays. The scene is laid at a popular English watering-place, and the interest of the story centres largely in the remarkable disappearance and subsequent strange discovery of a man who lived in a bungalow, and set himself to find and recover some buried treasure. Perhaps we shall see in this something of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's enthusiasm for cave-hunting—for Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne and "Weatherby Chesney" are one and the same person. The originator of "Captain Kettle" is by no means the only novelist who has worked up a second reputation under an assumed name.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Provincial Journalistic Enterprise

The serial publication of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," in a provincial Sunday newspaper is a most interesting fact, since it reminds us that not all the wealth of journalism is centred in London. The serial rights of a long story by Mr. Hall Caine—and his are inordinately long—must cost the journal acquiring them several thousand pounds, and as provincial papers deal very largely in "second rights," or stories which are syndicated, it is surprising to find one securing the first publication of so expensive a serial. But the proprietor of the Manchester paper in which "The Prodigal Son" is now appearing left a fortune of more than half-a-million when he died a few months ago, so his successors can, no doubt, afford this costly item. It would be a happy day for authors if country papers showed more enterprise in this direction. The new novel is, of course, Mr. Hall Caine's *magnum opus*—I cannot remember any of his later works which has not been so described. It is to be published by Mr. Heinemann in the autumn, and I look forward confidently to the usual journalistic fuss, which seems to be inseparable from the publication of anything by Mr. Hall Caine. The safest way to ensure that your novel will be "widely discussed" is to take up some subject of conduct, and, by audacious treatment, reckon on stirring up controversy.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. Hall Caine

Whose new novel, "The Prodigal Son," is now appearing, in serial form, in the Manchester *Sunday Chronicle*

Mr. Hall Caine

Mr. Caine has been to Iceland for the local colour of this story: an adroit move, for who else has pushed the realm of fiction so far north? His visit there was paragraphed as plentifully as King Edward's visit to the German Emperor; and did he not discover an unknown cave, which was christened in his honour "Hall's Hellin"—Hall's Cave? The Icelanders seem to have ignored his surname, and, as Hall or Hallur, his visit to that remote island of the Arctic ocean may have originated a tradition which will grow into a new saga! An Icelandic newspaper—for it is depressing to know that even there they have journalists—described him quaintly as "a fair complexioned man, with a striking and characteristic look, which, nevertheless, expresses kindliness and good-nature." It made no reference, so far as I can gather, to his reputed resemblance to Shakespeare, but then it is doubtful if they know much about Shakespeare up there. Mr. Caine, by the way, is very candid about his boyhood: "I'm afraid I was never a boys' boy, as I could wish a boy of my own to be. I cared little for games, and used to beat a retreat to the study, in order to pore over volumes of history, theology, and even political speeches, understanding very little of what I read." Thus early did the artistic temperament manifest itself in him; but while few of our popular novelists have been more severely criticised or caricatured—and often justly so—by the Press, my own experience of Mr. Caine is of nothing but kindliness, courtesy, and modesty.

"Our Poets"

Reverting to the subject of the alleged decline in poetry, it may be interesting to give, as briefly as possible, the results of some slight inquiry into the subject which I have just been making. A bookseller stated the other day that there had been an excellent demand for the first volume of the new edition of Swinburne, which has just been published, and said that "real property" can always be sold. We are also told that the works of Sir Lewis Morris are enjoying a good sale, especially "The Epic of Hades," which the rowdy old *National Observer* reviewed as 'a Hades of an Epic." Whether the taste for Sir Lewis Morris indicates a genuine appreciation of poetry, I shall not undertake to say; but I am persuaded that in numbers, at least, there has been no falling-off since, in January, 1892, the late H. D. Traill made a survey of contemporary poets in the *Nineteenth Century*. Traill maintained that at least fifty living Englishmen were then able to speak "in the veritable and authentic language of the poet," and asserted that

there had been nothing to compare with this general mastery of form in any other age. This was a bold saying, but I am inclined to believe it capable of proof. He gave a list of sixty-six writers, then living, whom he deemed worthy to be regarded as poets. I must confess that a considerable number of those who figured in this list are very minor poets in the estimation of to-day, but, on the whole, the names stood for much of high value. Of these sixty-six poets, thirty have passed away since the late critic made his survey, the more noteworthy of these being as follow :

Sir Edwin Arnold, Mathilde Blind, Wilfred Blunt, Robert Buchanan, Aubrey de Vere, Jean Ingelow, Frances A. Kemble, F. Locker-Lampson, Eric Mackay, William Morris, F. W. H. Myers, Roden Noel, F. Palgrave, Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, R. L. Stevenson, J. A. Symonds, Augusta Webster, and Oscar Wilde.

A Roll of Living Poets

Strangely enough, the names of so great a poet as Philip James Bailey, who died in 1902, and of so good a one as Mr. Gerald Massey, still alive in a green old age, were missing from Mr. Traill's muster-roll of Victorian bards, and it is a reminder of the newness of Mr. Kipling's fame that his name was also conspicuously absent. For the thirty poets who have died during the last twelve years, one can readily supply the names of five-and-thirty new writers not unworthy to take their places. I have ventured, therefore, to revise the list, which now shows seventy-one names of writers not unworthy to wear the bays, and I need scarcely say it is not submitted as a complete roll-call of our poets, but merely as evidence that the gentle art of poesy has many and talented exponents even in this commercial age. Here is the list :

Alfred Austin, Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, A. St. John Adcock

George Barlow, H. C. Beeching, Harold Begbie, Laurence Binyon, J. A. Blaikie, A. C. Benson, Robert Bridges, Stopford Brooke.

William Canton, G. K. Chesterton, Herbert Clarke.

Austin Dobson, F. B. Doveton, Edward Dowden, Sir. A. Conan Doyle.

Violet Fane, Marianne Farningham, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

Richard Garnett, Norman Gale, Edmund Gosse, A. P. Graves.

T. Gordon Hake, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett, Nora Hopper, A. E. Housman, Laurence Housman, Newman Howard, E. Lee Hamilton.

Rudyard Kipling, Andrew Lang, Richard Le Gallienne.

Frank Marzials, Gerald Massey, Annie Matheson, W. A. Mackenzie, George Meredith, Herman C. Merivale, Alice Meynell, Cosmo Monkhouse, F. B. Money-Coutts, F. Frankfort Moore, Sir Lewis Morris, Charlotte Murray.

E. Nesbit, Henry Newbolt, W. H. Pollock, Stephen Phillips, A. T. Quiller-Couch.

H. M. Rawnsley, A. Mary Robinson, Rennel Rodd, W. M. Rossetti.

Owen Seaman, William Sharp, Dora Sigerson, Halliwell Sutcliffe, A. C. Swinburne, Arthur Symons.

John Todhunter, Katherine Tynan.

Samuel Waddington, William Watson, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Margaret L. Woods.

W. B. Yeats, Israel Zangwill.

Moreover, have we not amongst us now that celebrated and essentially "new century" poet, Charles Whitworth Wynne, whose wares have been sold after the manner of patent medicines ?

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs. Caffyn

The Irish novelist who is widely known to the public as "Iota"

"Feminine" Fiction

Quite a remarkable number of our lady-novelists hail from "ould Ireland," and among these is Mrs. Caffyn, better known by her pseudonym, "Iota," who bears the delightfully Irish name of Kathleen as token of her birth in Tipperary. "Iota" is one of that group of women writers who, just ten years ago, promised to influence powerfully the future of the English novel. There was Miss Olive Schreiner, Mrs. Mona Caird, Miss Arabella Kenealy, "George Egerton," Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, and others, who, with Madame Sarah Grand as one of their leaders, were hard at work a decade ago introducing to the field of fiction certain problems of sex which male writers have usually avoided. They were, in a sense, the pioneers of the novel of the modern woman, and there is no doubt that their influence on the fiction of our time has been considerable; but I do not think that a single one of the writers named has quite held her place. Mrs. Caffyn has written at least nine other novels since, in 1894, she came into notice with that very remarkable and essentially feminine story, "A Yellow Aster," but with all its imperfections and false views of life it still remains her most noteworthy performance, certainly her most characteristic. For my part I doubt if the novel of the modern woman is entirely a thing to be grateful for, and when we compare the amount of interest shown ten years ago in the works of the writers I have mentioned, with that which their occasional appearances create to-day, we may suspect that the novel-reading public is growing somewhat tired of the sex problem.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Low Scoring in this Year's Championship

A great deal of ink has been shed, and many pens broken, over the extraordinary scoring in the Open Championship at Sandwich. Some writers attribute the lowness of the scores to the Haskell ball, others to the general improvement in clubs and courses, and others, again, to the heightened standard of play, which makes a player go for a four at a hole, where, in former days, he would have been content with a five. There is an element of truth in all these explanations, but not one of them hits the nail on the head

The Explanation

The true explanation of the low returns at Sandwich is, in my humble opinion, a much simpler one. The course set for the Open Championship was one of the easiest that can possibly be arranged at Sandwich. Why this should have been so, remains an inscrutable mystery. As compared with the course set for the St. George's Vase, and for the Amateur Championship respectively, I should say that the Open Championship course was six strokes easier than the former, and four strokes easier than the latter. Possibly it was found that the long carries set for the two earlier events had given rise to complaint, and it was thought better not to try the professionals too highly in this respect. I well remember that in the old days the professionals complained rather bitterly that at Sandwich they were called upon at nearly every tee to hit their very best ball to carry the dangers in front, and that this, in the long run, made it impossible for a player to negotiate the rest of the game with that ease and delicacy requisite for a good score.

An Easy Course

They certainly had no ground for complaint this year. Even the elements fought in their favour. The bitter cold wind died down, the conditions became in every respect more genial, and, as I have already pointed out in an earlier article, the committee took every precaution to make the course as good as possible by cutting down the grass at the sides and fining down the greens. I think it would be best, therefore, not to lay too great a stress on the wonderful scores this year, or to deduce from them the assumption that Sandwich is too easy a course, and that the rubber ball has made golf a child's game. At all the great links it is quite easy to set out a very difficult or a very easy course. The difference lies in the position of the tees. As a general rule, for a Championship competition a course is stretched to its utmost limit, in order that, as is right for such an important event, a severe test shall be set for those who aspire to Championship honours. Even under these conditions the scores have been steadily lowered. But if by some chance, as happened this year, the Committee of the Club where the Championship is played, or whoever is responsible for the setting of the course, arranges an absurdly easy course, then records are smashed to atoms, and the quidnuncs go about crying out that something must be done to prevent golf dwindling down to the rank of a game of marbles. I do not wish for a moment to be taken as saying anything against the wonderfully fine play of the winner and those who ran him so close, but I am sure they would be the first to admit that Sandwich links admit of a much severer test of golf being set than the course they played over.

A Rumoured Change at St. Andrews

I have seen a report lately to the effect that, in future, at St. Andrews, only the medal, or right hand, course is to be played. I have no doubt there may be excellent reasons for this decision, but I shall, none the less, keenly regret this change from the old order of things. To those who have never played at St. Andrews, it may be necessary to explain that the course has always been played in two ways. For all competitions and medals, the invariable course is the right hand one, but apart from such events, it has been customary to vary the course in the following way: during one week, players would find the holes going out set on the left hand; the following week the right hand course would be set, and thus each week would provide a variation of course which practically amounted to one's playing over two different rounds in successive weeks. This variation meant a good deal in the way of avoiding monotony during a stay of two months, say August and September, at St. Andrews.

And a Regrettable one

Anyone who has stayed at one course for that length of time will bear me out when I say that the smallest variation in the setting of tees and placing of holes is welcomed by the golfer, who has been thrashing round the same course day after day. When, as at St. Andrews, he found an entirely fresh course set before him each successive week, his delight was unbounded, and at the end of each week he was generally much relieved to think that after the Sunday rest he would be starting out on an entirely fresh career with none of the hated memories of bad holes of the preceding week haunting him with relentless fury from hole to hole. Therefore I, for one, do not welcome the change that is announced, which will keep us all in the future pounding over only the righthand course. I am tempted to hope that the report is erroneous, and that St. Andrews' golfers may still be allowed to revel in the unique delights of a duplex course such as they have enjoyed since immemorial days.

Ernest Lehmann

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

The King's New Car

The new car, which is illustrated, has just been finished by Messrs. Hooper and Co. for His Majesty the King, and will be delivered in a few days. The chassis, built by the Daimler Company, of Coventry, has a four-cylinder engine, mechanically operated inlet valves, high-tension ignition, and develops 28 h.-p. at 800 revolutions, giving, when driven right out, 36 h.-p. at a little over 1,000 revolutions. Fitted with their new pattern carburettor, great flexibility is obtained, the top speed ranging from forty miles up to forty-five, one lever on the steering pillar controlling the mixture and ignition. The weight of the car is 35 cwt., and the total length it 15ft 6in. The extra long wheel base of 10ft. 9in., together with big Collier tyres (36in. by 5in. by 5½in.), ensure great comfort on the road. The type of body has been named by Messrs. Hooper the "King Edward the Seventh" pattern, and painted in Royal purple lake, picked out with red lines. Leather upholstery, in dark blue buffalo hide and patent-leather wings, has an extremely handsome appearance. Besides the front seats, which have ample room, there is, in the enclosed part of the carriage, accommodation for five persons, two of these seats being revolving chairs of a pattern suggested by the King himself.

Motorists at Henley

The Henley Regatta was well patronised by motorists, and on each morning of the three days a constant procession came gliding down the long hill into the town, and, with clutches drawn, made hardly a sound, except the occasional squeal of the brakes; and, after the racing was over, back they came, the big four cylinders taking the gradient with a swish, and the smaller ones pounding a little, but climbing well, nevertheless.

The King's new British made Motor-car

Like the majority of His Majesty's automobiles, the new car is entirely British made. The body has been named by the makers, Messrs. Hooper and Co., St. James's Street, "King Edward the Seventh." The interior is handsomely decorated in Royal blue. The car has seating capacity for seven persons—two seats within being made to revolve. This innovation was specially made at His Majesty's own suggestion. The motors of the 1904 Daimler type are capable of developing 28 to 36 h.-p., and of propelling the car at a speed of forty to forty-five miles an hour

The easy way they negotiated the crowded streets of this ever-popular riverside town was a joy to behold, but the dust outside the town was terrific. The heavy traffic on the Maidenhead Road, in particular the carts bringing boats to the Regatta, had made the surface, loose and the powdery dust hung about in clouds. If only some inventor would give us a dustless track, one of the greatest objections to motoring will vanish, but one of the main difficulties which our road surveyors have to contend with is that both motors and horses use the same road surface. The horses make the dust and the motors raise it; not that I can acquit all other traffic, for a smartly trotting pair will produce a good smother, and even a quickly moving cyclist leaves a fair trail. Westrumite and tar compounds seem to be our hope at present, but it is doubtful how the former will last under a hot sun without constant renewal.

any other attention being required, other than keeping the machinery duly lubricated and maintaining the supply of petrol. Appended is a list of some of the contestants, which shows that it is extremely representative of the industry as a whole :

Charles Jarrott (De Dietrich, probably), S. F. Edge (Napier, probably), H. Austin (Wolseley), William Letts (Oldsmobile), William Letts (Crossley, probably), A. Rawlinson (Darracq), J. W. Stocks (De Dion), Arnott (Simm's), Moffat Ford (Décauville), Ernest Instone (Daimler), Claude Watney ("C. G. V." or "Pipe"), T. B. Browne (James and Browne), Charles Friswell ("Baby" Peugeot), Archibald Campbell (Beaufort), Geo. du Cros (Panhard), E. H. Hutton (3-cylinder Panhard), J. R. Richardson (Mann and Overton's, Geo. Richard Brasier).

The sanction of the A. C. G. B. I. is, of course, essential to the success of this very interesting new departure.

Photo by *Brooks*

Mrs. H. McCalmont driving her 40 h.-p. Panhard

Her *compagnon de voyage*, on the front seat, is Lord Vivian

Non-Stop Runs

Fired by the really remarkable success of Mr. D. M. Weigel in running a 20 h.-p. Talbot Car for 2,017 miles in 124 hours without stopping the engines, our enterprising contemporary, *The Daily Mirror*, is inaugurating a rather more ambitious programme for a non-stop run on a large scale. The idea has evidently caught on with the trade, many prominent members of which are only too anxious to demonstrate the potentialities of the various vehicles in which they are interested, in the matter of extreme reliability, which, of course, is pretty clearly established in the case of any automobile which can travel for 2,000 miles without

Napier Motor-boat Wins

The Napier motor-boat seems to have won rather easily from the Mercédès at Kiel, and behaved well in a heavy sea, completing the twenty knot course in 61 minutes, 20 seconds. The weather was distinctly unfavourable, which caused some of the foreign competitors to refuse to turn out The Cup was presented to Mr. Edge's representative by Prince Henry, who stated that he was commanded by the Kaiser to thank Mr. Edge for helping to make the Kiel Festivities so successful. It is perfectly evident that the motor has come to stay with us, on the water, as on the land.

Answers to Correspondents

SIR HENRY.—You will obtain unmitigated satisfaction from any of the later Panhard cars. As touring vehicles they may be equalled, but certainly they have never been excelled. The Panhard is emphatically *not* an experimental car, as are so many now appearing on the market.

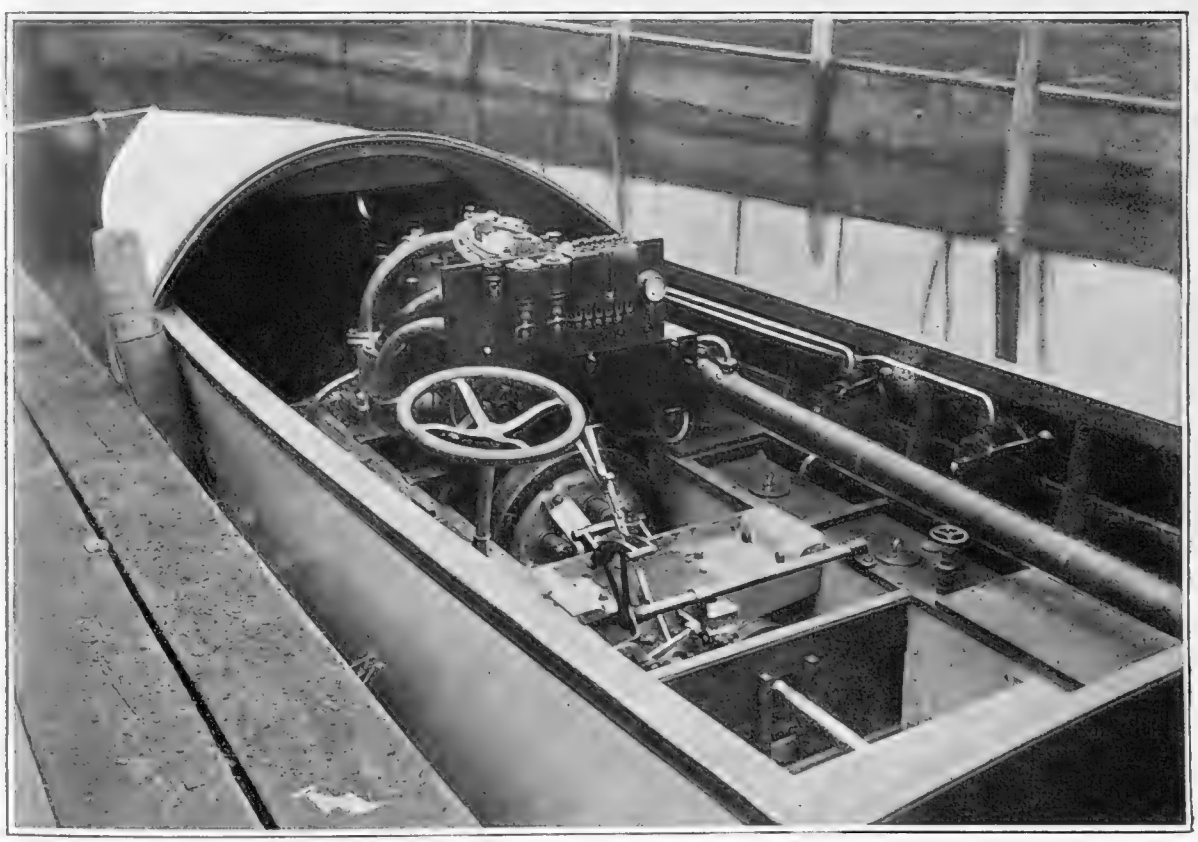
W. S. A.—You will be safe in having the "Continental" tyres, which are made in Hanover. Four competitors out of the first six used them in the late race, including Jenatzy and Baron de Caters, who ran second and third respectively.

F.I.AT. MOTORS LIMITED.—We have pleasure in publishing your correction that two of your cars finished in the race and not only one, as stated by us. Your cars are taking a high position without this, however.

MAJOR-GENERAL . L. — The new 14 h.-p. Rénault is in the very first flight, and you can get one with the most complete confidence.

The Wreck of Sir W. Rattigan's Motor-car

Showing the complete collapse of the spokes, the tyre remaining intact



Mr. S. F. Edge's Motor Boat, winner of the Cup at Kiel Regatta

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

NOTES FROM THE POLO GROUND

Inter-Regimental Tournament

Judging by results, the new arrangement of allowing the teams entered for the Inter-Regimental Cup to play off their earlier ties on grounds within reasonable distances of the stations where they are quartered, and only requiring the attendance of the four semi-finalists at Hurlingham, has been decidedly successful. Last year, when the new tournament rules came into force, there was a surprisingly large entry of seventeen teams: eighteen was the tale this time. These eighteen were the three regiments of Household Cavalry, all the twelve cavalry regiments of the line now in England with the exception of the Scots Greys, a Gunners' team, two of the Foot Guards—the Coldstreams and the Irish Guards—and one other foot regiment, the Royal Irish Fusiliers. It was a noteworthy feature of this year's tournament that not a team scratched. The preliminary, or first, second, and third ties, were decided in Ireland, at Dublin and the Curragh, and in England at Aldershot, and on various London grounds. In the first round the 2nd Life Guards, 5th Lancers, 21st Lancers and Irish Guards were beaten; and in the second, the 1st Life Guards, K.D.G.'s, 13th and 19th Hussars, Coldstreamers, and Royal Irish Fusiliers; while the Gunners, and the 11th, 14th, and 18th Hussars succumbed in the third ties.

Army Cup Final: Watching the struggle
The 17th Lancers successfully defended their title to the Cup by the narrow margin of seven goals to six

The Semi-Finals

This left the Royal Horse Guards, the 8th Hussars, the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and the 17th Lancers to contest the final at Hurlingham, and two of these teams were captained by their commanding officers, viz., the 8th by Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Duff, and the 17th by Lieut-Colonel B. P. Portal, who took the place of General Haig, last year's captain, now Inspector-General of Cavalry in India. Colonel Duff was in the 8th Hussars' team (which included that brilliant player the late Colonel Le Gallais) as far back as 1886 and 1887, when they won the Indian Inter-Regimental twice in succession. The following year Colonel Portal was in the winning team of the 17th Lancers, which was completed by Captain E. D. Miller, Mr. A. Rawlinson, and Colonel Gordon Renton, who have all three made a great name for themselves at polo since they left the Service. When the 17th won the All Ireland Regimental Cup, in 1899, they were represented by the same four players as in the present tournament. The draw had brought the 8th Hussars and the Royal Horse Guards together. This was not a particularly interesting game, for the 8th were unluckily not at full strength, and the Blues won fairly comfortably by six goals to two. The semi-final between the 17th Lancers and the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons was, on the other hand, exciting to a degree, being very stubbornly contested from start to finish, and the result always in doubt. The Inniskillings' was by no means an ideal team, but both Major Ansell and Captain Neil Haig were a tower of strength, and played splendidly. The Lancers started scoring at the "stables" goal, and some idea of the keenness with which the game was fought out may be gathered from the fact that goal for goal was hit all through, and just before the call of time the Inniskillings equalised for the fourth time. And it took no less than twenty minutes' overtime before the Lancers were able to make the winning goal, which, curiously enough, like all the eight goals that preceded it, was hit at the "stables" end of the ground.

And the Final at Hurlingham

It was a glorious Saturday afternoon when the 17th Lancers took the field to defend their title to the Cup, and the Blues to attempt to wrest it from them, both regiments, by the way, having also been left in to contest the final last year. But there were changes in the teams. The holders, as already stated, had Colonel Portal at back in lieu

Army Cup Final: A tussle in mid-field

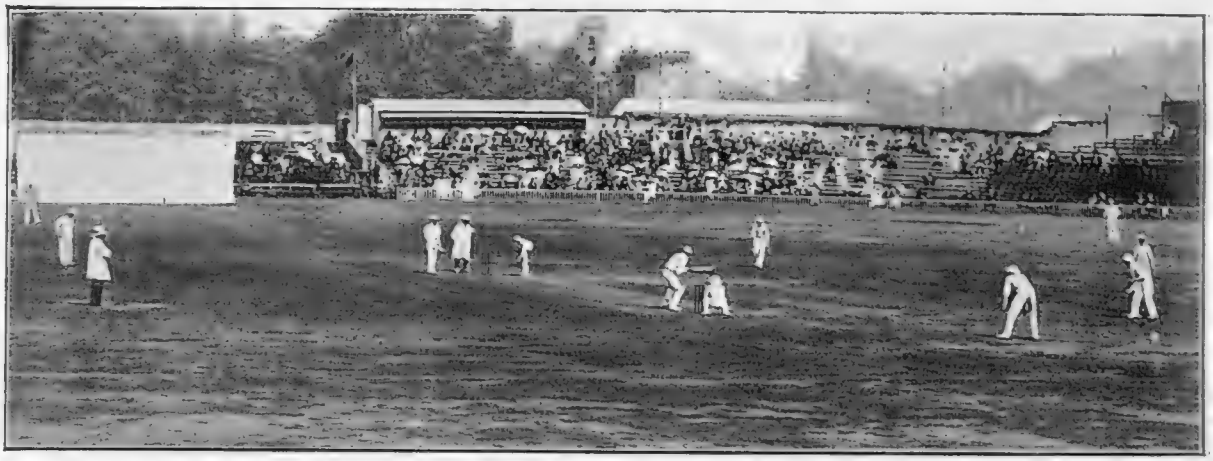
of General Douglas Haig, who captained them so well last year, but the three others were the same, viz., Captain Ronald Carden, Major W. A. Tilney, and Mr. A. F. Fletcher. The Royal Horse Guards had only two of last year's team playing—Mr. Harold Brassey and Captain the Hon. Dudley Majoribanks, and the substitution of Lord Ingestre (Lord Shrewsbury's son) and Captain Fitzgerald, instead of Captain the Hon. Reginald Ward and the Duke of Roxburghe, who has left the service, made the team identical with that which competed in the Delhi Durbar tournament. There was the usual big crowd to witness the match, Royalty being represented by Prince Alexander of Teck and Prince Arthur of Connaught, respectively Captain and subaltern in the 7th Hussars (who hold the record of five Inter-Regimental wins) and Princess Alexander of Teck, who presented the Cup. It was anybody's game during the first three periods, one, two, three, and four goals all being successively recorded. But the Lancers' three goals in the next twenty minutes' play gave them the victory, for although the Blues pulled out their best ponies in the last ten, Mr. Brassey riding a particularly fast one, and did all they knew to avert defeat, they were only able to score twice, and the Lancers, thanks to their superior combination, gained the day by seven goals to six. The losers made a much better fight of it than they did last year, when they were beaten by five to one, and the 17th also played better polo. The four winners were afterwards presented to Princess Alexander of Teck, who shook hands with them, and presented the Cup to Colonel Portal. Then, with the assistance of Colonel Portal, the young Princess raised the huge trophy to her lips, and, amid much amusement, drank to the winners, who afterwards took a well-earned draught in their turn from the greatly-prized Cup. And so ended the twenty-fourth Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham. L. V. L. S.

Army Cup Final: The 17th Lancers press hard

ETON v. HARROW: PLAY AND PLAYERS

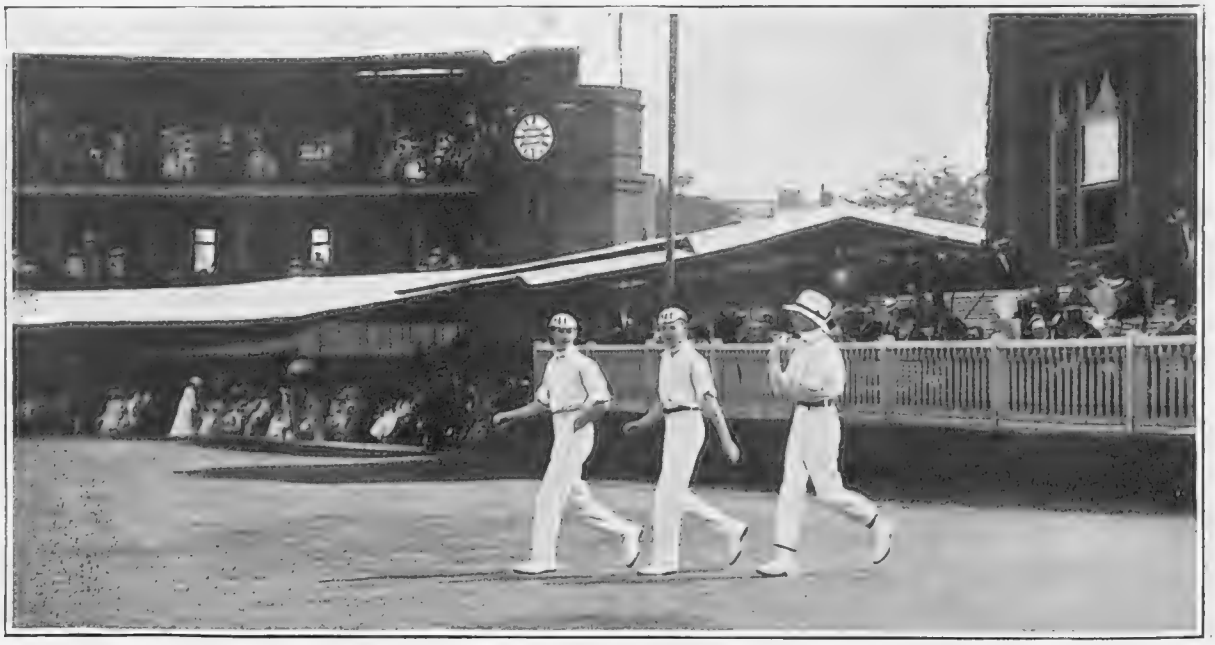
Coming in to Lunch

The two Eton Batsmen are D. C. Boles and C. G. E. Farmer (left to right). The former, with his splendid total of 183 in the first innings, broke the record for the highest score in the Eton and Harrow match, which, made by Sir Emilius Bayley, had stood for no less than sixty three years



A glimpse of the game

Eton are in the field. J. N. Horlick is bowling to R. E. H. Baily (Capt.).



Harrow taking the field after Lunch

Harrow sustained a severe defeat this year by an innings and twelve runs

ETON v. HARROW: FAIR CRITICS OF THE PLAY

Frocks and Frills

By all account, this year's match was behind none of its predecessors so far as smart costumes went, and full advantage was taken of the magnificent weather by Madame La Mode

The Luncheon Interval

Over 18,000 spectators witnessed the play, and the scene during the luncheon interval was one rarely equalled even at Lord's

LAWN TENNIS

Entrance Fees at "Queen's"

The tournament at "Queen's" is now in full swing, and most of the rising players have entered, although many great stars of the tennis world have scratched. I have heard some grumbling from clubmen about the high fees at "Queen's." A well-known player remarked the other day, "Fivers seem to go no distance at all," and really I am strongly of opinion that it would encourage latent talent if the entrance fees for some tournaments were not quite so high. It is expensive enough playing in a tournament at any time, without having to pay entrance fees which amount to more than the annual subscriptions at many good clubs.

Tournaments at Redhill

Tournaments like the Queen's Club Tournament are all very well for "cracks," but to those players who have not yet reached the foremost ranks, but who are coming, useful players, I think that a tournament such as that now taking place at Redhill is certainly much more enjoyable. I do not know of any more hospitable ground than that at Redhill. The ladies, as well as the Committee, make the visitor feel thoroughly at home. There is a splendid pavilion, an excellent dressing room, and everyone is friendly, and willing to accept the onus of responsibility in umpiring, and—last but not least—the Redhill ladies provide most excellent tea for their visitors every afternoon! Tournaments such as this, without any formality, and where one does not have to waste half the day waiting to be put on to play, are thoroughly enjoyable. I see that Mr. G. M. Simond is referee and handicapper at Redhill this year; last year it was poor Herbert Chipp, who, as he was cycling to the ground, had a bad fall, which left him unconscious, and led to his death a few weeks after.

A. E. Beamish

One of the rising players of the day

This Week's Tournaments

The tournaments this week are: Macclesfield, July 20 to July 23; Edgbaston, where the Midland Counties Championships are played on the same date: and the Notts County Tournament, at Nottingham, July 21 to July 23;

H. S. Mahony watching the flight of the ball down a side line

Mahony beat Beamish in the final of the singles for the North London Championship

Miss H. Lane, driving. Miss Lane won the Ladies' Singles in the Gipsy Lawn Tennis Club's Tournament

Pitlochry, about the same date; the Newcastle Tournament, July 25, and the following six days; East Grinstead, on July 25 and following days; and Craigside, Llandudno, begins on the same date. Here is an assortment for my readers, while, for those who wish to go further afield, St. Petersburg is holding a tournament, where all visitors will be met and made to feel at home.

The Chelsea L.T.C. Courts

This club, situated in Trafalgar Square, Chelsea, S.W., is the most centrally placed lawn tennis ground in London

A Good Town Club

Our readers will be interested in seeing photographs of the Chelsea Lawn Tennis Club in this week's issue. This club is not so well-known as it deserves to be, for it has very good grass courts, and is absolutely the nearest ground to town, being only about three minutes from South Kensington Station, and ten minutes from Sloane Square. One delightful point about the club is that it is completely screened from the public gaze, and thus one is able to enjoy, in the very centre of London life, a good game on excellent courts. I am given to understand that the club hope to be able to hold an Open Tournament next year. Who says that lawn-tennis is on the wane?

A Lady Champion at Seventeen

My readers will be interested in the photographs which have reached us from America of the New York State Championships, which took place at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, recently. We also give photographs of the North London Championships Meeting, at the Gipsy Club, last week, where Mahony beat A. Beamish in the final of the Open Singles, and H. Pollard and Beamish won the Open Doubles. There is a very interesting photograph of Miss Helen Lane driving. Miss Lane won the Open Singles, having beaten Miss A. M. Morton by two sets to one, 4—6, 6—3, 6—4. QUIDNUNC.

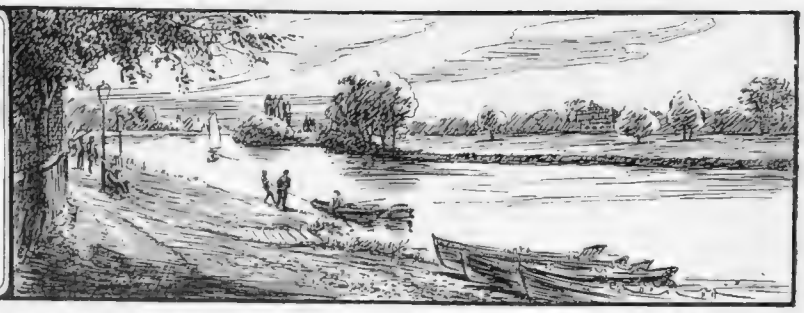
Miss May T. Sutton, the New York Lady Champion

Miss Sutton, who is only seventeen, beat Miss E. Moore, the former lady champion, after a week's brilliant play at the Chestnut Hill Courts, Philadelphia, the scores for the final being 6—1, 6—2

The Chestnut Hill Tennis Courts, Philadelphia

Two thousand spectators witnessed the final between Miss Sutton and Miss Moore in the Championship Tournament. Miss Sutton's victory, says an American contemporary, was the result of her "cool, calm, deliberate serving and driving"

BY LOCK AND WEIR.



Sprightly Thames Watermen

The two Saturday regattas that brought Henley week to a conclusion were favoured with ideal weather, and the Thames waterman, who has waited so long for the advent of better days, was in the best of spirits. Both Kingston and Maidenhead attracted large numbers of spectators, and at the sporting little meeting organised by the Kingston Rowing Club some excellent racing was witnessed. In many ways Raven's Ait is not an ideal neighbourhood for a regatta crowd, for, though the island itself is pleasant enough, the neighbouring bank provides barely any shade, and a more uncomfortable place to moor a boat could scarcely be found. Unlike other regattas, however, people go to Kingston to see the racing, and this year the presence of the Canadian four, who secured a highly popular victory in the Raven's Ait Challenge Cup, was an additional attraction. Though the racing was hardly of the same class, Maidenhead Regatta was equally successful, and amongst the large crowd afloat were to be seen a not inconsiderable number of theatrical celebrities.

Molesey Regatta

Molesey Regatta, which takes place on Friday and Saturday next, is only second to Henley, both from a sporting and a social point of view, and, given fine weather, a big gathering may be expected in the neighbourhood of Garrick's Island this week. As in previous years, the lawn of Garrick's villa will be at the disposal of the committee, who have been fortunate enough to secure the band of His Majesty's Scots Guards. The tram route from Richmond or Shepherd's Bush has made Hampton far more accessible than it was, and a good deal of time and trouble can be saved by leaving one's boat at Hampton on the evening of the first day, and coming up by tram the next morning, thus saving the Saturday crush at Molesey Lock.

A good view of the course from the towpath on the Surbiton side

A snapshot from the course

TWO VIEWS OF THE KINGSTON AMATEUR REGATTA

Photo by *Francks*

On the way to Henley: A tight fit in Marsh Lock

Without Apology

The old river man, visiting regattas, is often struck by the changes which have taken place in recent years, especially in the matter of craft and of dress. The quiet, unostentatious simplicity of the old skiff picnic has had to go before the advent of the smart launch party, and while admitting that, in the matter of craft, the latter has advantages, one cannot help regretting the introduction of over smart and altogether unsuitable costumes affected by the fair sex. It ill becomes a mere man, and a bachelor at that, to offer an opinion on such a subject, but someone really ought to raise a protest against the ridiculous head-gear with which ladies think it proper to come on the river, and the equally impossible costumes with great floppy sleeves, and utterly useless elaborations apparently designed merely to get in the way. If a woman must dress in such unworkmanlike style, the least she can do is to refrain from attempting either to scull or to punt. Unfortunately, however, those who are the greatest offenders seem most anxious to assume control of their boat, and even the lady coxswains, who on some reaches are frequently to be seen encouraging a couple of inadequately clothed scullers to renewed efforts, have often to drop a yoke line in order to straighten a hat that might better have been left in a club house. While on the subject of the doings of people who like to be thought smart, one may also raise a protest respecting the naming of craft and the flags flown. It is no uncommon thing to see a really smart launch, belonging to people who are certainly not members of the squadron, flying the White Ensign. Below lock they could be dealt with summarily, but apparently on the upper Thames no one takes any notice. Technically, perhaps, no offence is committed, but none the less such conduct is decidedly bad form and should be suppressed by public opinion.

Vulgarity in Nomenclature

The naming of boats, is of course, largely a matter of taste, and one would have expected people to take less pains to advertise their vulgarity. It is, of course, a moot point as to what class of boats ought to be named at all. A launch must be named in accordance with Conservancy Regulations, a sailing boat has an individuality of its own and deserves a name, and a canoe comes, for some reason, in the same category. Skiffs and punts, however, always seem to me to be on a different plane, and should merely be marked with a neatly designed monogram. There is some excuse for transgressing this rule when the name chosen is eminently suitable. But many names one could mention were calculated to make the judicious grieve.

R. B. B.

BRIDGE

THE FIRST OF OUR FORTNIGHTLY HOLIDAY COMPETITIONS

Till we resume our larger Fortnightly Competitions in the autumn, we shall continue to give hands every fortnight for our readers to play, in order that we may, as far as the summer will allow, keep our competitors together, and give them the chance of not letting their power of solving competitions grow rusty.

Therefore we shall award prizes. The first prize will be THE BYSTANDER Morocco Bridge Case, value one guinea, containing two packs of cards, markers, rules, etc.; and there will be five further prizes of two packs, in box, of the pretty BYSTANDER Playing Cards.

Competitors are requested, in setting out the play of the hand, to use the following formula:

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♡ K	♡ 2	♡ 5	♡ 6
2	♡ A	♡ 3	♡ 8	♡ 9

Also they are requested to follow the rules of play of ordinary four-handed Bridge, save when they would lose a trick by doing so, as laid down by any of the leading authorities on the game. For we wish them to get as much practice as possible out of playing these hands; and if they get into the way of playing aces before kings, and small cards anyhow, because at double dummy it makes no difference, they will tend to acquire a careless habit, and derive harm rather than good from working out these problems.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page xvi. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" HOLIDAY BRIDGE COMPETITION

The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

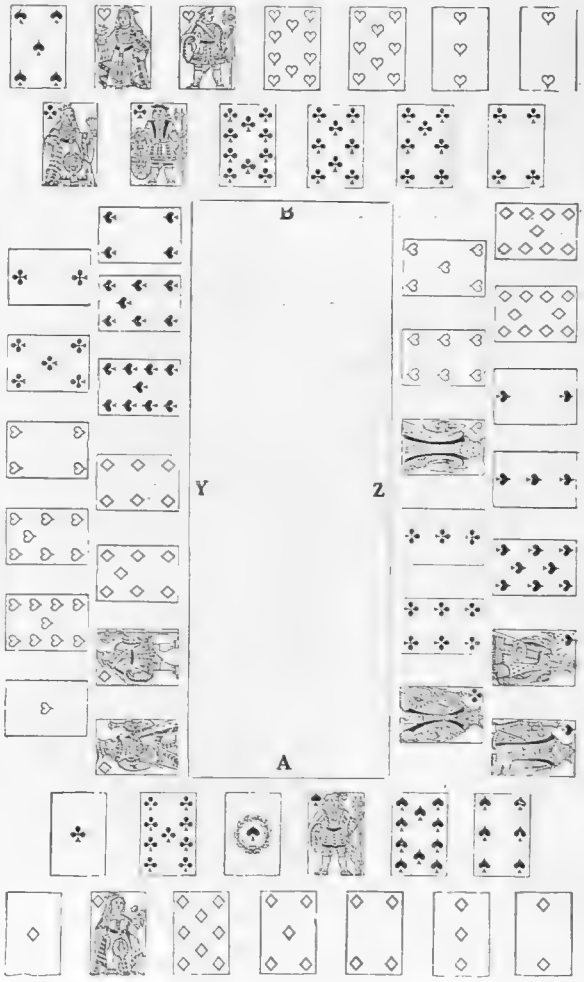
A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

4. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

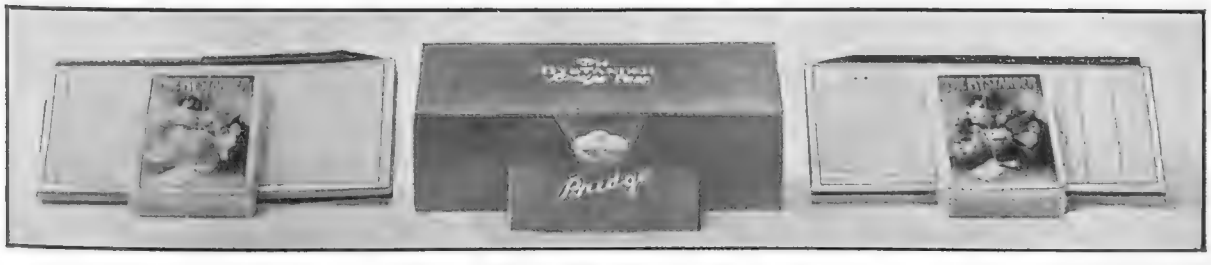
THE HAND.

DOUBLE DUMMY.

Y leads before the hands are laid down.



A deals.



"The Bystander" Morocco Bridge Case, first prize in the above competition

BISLEY CAMP: CRACK SHOTS UNDER CANVAS

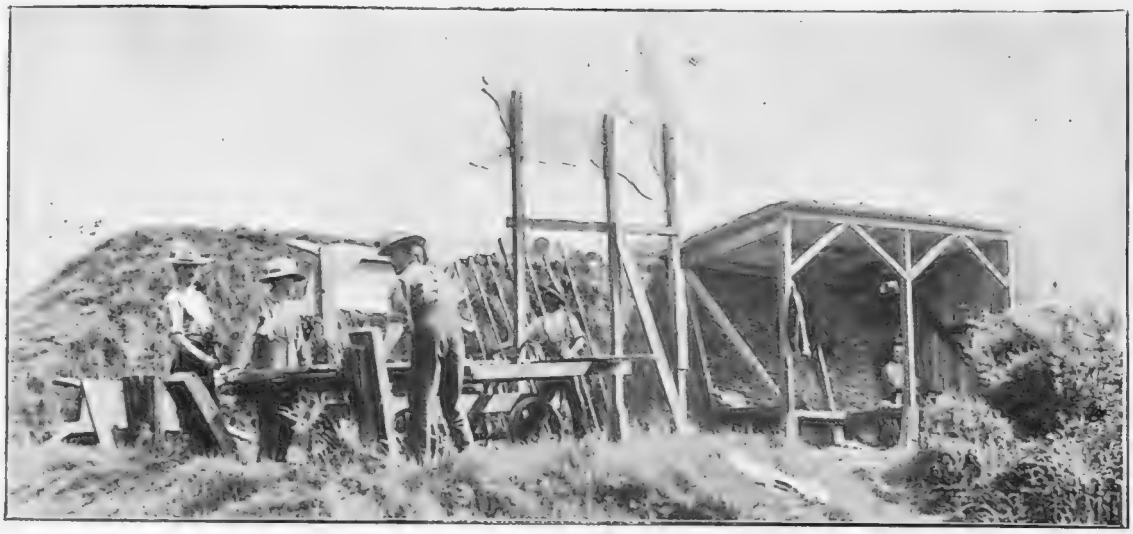
General View of the Camp

Marking the Target

BISLEY CAMP: MARKSMEN AND MARKERS

Firing for the Halford Memorial Competition

The conditions were fifteen shots at 900 and 1,000yds. After an excellent contest, the cup was carried off by E. N. Wynne, I.R.A., of Wicklow, with a score of 138



Markers at the Running Deer Range

The Hyposcope: Sergeant-Major Kempster Firing

The Sergeant-Major the first time scored 31 out of a possible 35

Summer Sales

SCENE: *London. A July morning, 10.30.* MRS. JARDINE *and* MRS. GORDON, *ladies of fashion and means, intent on bargains.*

"Oh! I wish we had started earlier," gasped Mrs. Jardine, fighting for a front view of fur coats. "Lil, did you ever see anything like those fur coats? I gave fifteen guineas for my caracal last winter and there is its double for two guineas."

"And those stoles!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, "but I don't believe I want one," she said, trying to look away, "I have five already."

"That kind of number always makes one so reckless," said Mrs. Jardine plaintively, "why not, I always feel, make it half a dozen."

"There is certainly no reason why you should buy that caracal," said Mrs. Gordon firmly. "You haven't got five fur coats."

"No—only three," said Mrs. Jardine in an injured voice, "but I must have it."

"I shan't come in," said Mrs. Gordon, with her foot on the threshold. But a stout female propelled her into the shop. Her resolution faltered when she saw Mrs. Jardine possessed of the caracal. She invested in the stole.

"Where, oh! where is the carriage?" inquired Mrs. Jardine, emerging from the shop very pink in the face. "I told Taylor to keep us in view, because of the parcels. I never dare tell them to send at sales. I am always so afraid of their substituting something inferior. And if one drives straight to anywhere particular one misses such chances. Oh! there he is. . ." They put their parcels in charge of the footman and walk some thirty yards. "Look," suddenly ejaculated Mrs. Jardine. "*Look* at that lovey-dovey of a parasol. Only seventeen and six, and I paid two guineas for one not half as good last week. I really . . ." She dived into the shop.

"Amy," said Mrs. Gordon, making a final bid for common-sense, "whoever heard of anyone buying a fur coat and a chiffon parasol on the same day?"

But Mrs. Jardine achieved the feat. She returned in a fever of righteous indignation. "My dear, what do you think I found that horrid Mrs. Carruthers doing? Buying a black mourning parasol half-price, because she says her old grandmother can't last out the month. Well, I am glad to think that black is never really reduced. She'll find that the silk is rotten. Cat!"

"You've got something else besides the parasol, haven't you?" asked Mrs. Gordon, looking enviously at Mrs. Jardine's laden arms.

"Five pairs of stockings for a song . . . two dozen handkerchiefs for just nothing at all . . . six nighties . . ."

"Don't say it so loud," interrupted Mrs. Gordon. "It sounds as if you were making out a washing list. . . . What a sweet scarf!" She bought it.

"Why did you do that?" inquired Mrs. Jardine; "you never wear pink."

"The price was irresistible," confessed Mrs. Gordon.

"I think I am hungry," said Mrs. Jardine suddenly, "let's go back to lunch. Good heavens! it is past two," she added, fixing a worried gaze on her watch. "I do hope I shan't meet my husband. He always says, 'Buy what you like, but don't bring it into the house.' You come, too, Lil."

"I've got such a splitting headache," said Mrs. Gordon in a very tired voice. "I think I'll go home and rest."

"But what time to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Jardine, who was of the recuperative *genus*.

"I don't think I can come before 9.45. We don't breakfast till 9.30, and Bob gets so cross if I am not there."

"So does my husband," said Mrs. Jardine; "I am afraid we can't get off before 9.45."

"We'll meet at the top of Regent Street and work down," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Yes; top of Regent Street, 9.45. Good bye," assented Mrs. Jardine.

The Foster Mother

This delightful animal study was taken quite recently by Mr. J. E. Oatey, at Wadebridge, Cornwall

The Bystander, July 20, 1904

THE

BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED

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GILLOWS' LISTS of Residential Estates, Country Houses, and Sportings in Two Parts, obtainable post free six stamps.
I. Estates and Houses Unfurnished.
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TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.—A pretty Bungalow RESIDENCE, in charming position overlooking the sea, close to golf & tennis clubs, near excellent schools. Accommodation: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, stabling for 3, with 5-roomed cottage, gardens & grounds, in all about ¾ of an acre. More land near if required. Residence would be sold without the stabling.

Messrs. GILLOWS have been instructed to place the above up to public Auction early in August, if not sold previously by private treaty.

KENT (near the coast, 500ft. above sea-level). —To be LET Furnished, or SOLD, the above beautiful Old English MANOR HOUSE, standing in midst of beautiful estate of 4,400 acres, approached by a carriage drive, containing: Billiard, 6 reception, 23 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 15; old park, pleasure grounds; kitchen gardens; charming old church in grounds; hunting, golf.—GILLOWS have inspected and recommend. (12,088)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS & EASTBOURNE (between).—To be SOLD, an Estate of about 100 acres, with RESIDENCE containing: 6 reception, billiard, 15 bedrooms, excellent stabling, smaller old-fashioned house, cottages and lodge. (12,321)

WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be LET Furnished, for a term of years, a Family MANSION, magnificently situate in deer park of 400 acres; billiard & 4 reception rooms, 28 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 15, cottages, shooting over 4,300 acres. Game bag on application. (12,295)

NEAR GOODWOOD.

SUSSEX (in a magnificent position overlooking beautifully wooded Estates and common land).—To be LET Furnished, this comfortable RESIDENCE, comprising: 4 reception & 14 bedrooms, stabling, lodge entrance. A low rent will be accepted. Inspected by GILLOWS. (12,108)

50 MINUTES FROM TOWN. BERKS.—Magnificent BUILDING SITES, with pleasure farms attached, standing on high ground, gravel soil and magnificent views, beautifully timbered with charming surroundings, 15 minutes from Thames. Excellent social neighbourhood. Prices on application. (12,366)

Three Guineas a Week

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. — Charming Bijou MAISONETTE, newly furnished, to be LET until September; in excellent position a few yards from Grosvenor Square. The very thing for a bachelor, or married couple without children. Rent only 3 gs. per week, as owner leaving Town. Two bedrooms, 1 reception room, and offices.—Agents, GILLOWS. (3,272)

Less than Unfurnished Rent

FURNISHED FLAT, in favourite mansions near Buckingham Palace, top floor, with lift; extensive views over St. James's Park, etc. Four bedrooms, bath, 2 reception rooms, and usual offices; thoroughly well furnished. The very inadequate rent of 4 gs. per week will be accepted for a quick let.—Agents, GILLOWS.

Near the Oratory.

LADY wishes to LET part of her expensive FLAT, while absent in the country, to reliable tenant: 2 bedrooms, bath, 1 reception room: Rent 2 gs. to party with undeniable references; 2 other rooms could be arranged for at suitably increased rent. Agents, GILLOWS (3,271)

REGENT'S PARK, N.W.—Top Floor FLAT (with lift), very light, & containing: 3 bed, bath, & 3 reception rooms, to be LET for a few months; owner, going abroad, asks nominal sum to partly cover unfurnished rent during term. No children or dogs allowed, the flat being particularly well furnished. (3,245)

PRINCES GATE, S.W.

18 GS. PER WEEK will be accepted for a magnificent FLAT in this choice position, for 6 months or longer: 4 bedrooms & 2 reception rooms. Luxuriously furnished, & fitted with every modern convenience. Inspected and strongly recommended by GILLOWS. (3,144)

2 GUINEAS A WEEK.

FOUR MINUTES FROM THE MARBLE Arch, in a favourite block of Mansions. Messrs. Gillows are in a position to offer a FLAT as above, on the Second Floor, for the months of August & September, as the owner does not care to lock same up during the holidays. Four bedrooms, bath, & 2 reception rooms. Well furnished Electric light, &c. (3,174)

SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.

LARGE FLAT in first-rate position: 5 bedrooms, bath, & 2 reception rooms. Third Floor, with lift & every modern convenience. 4 gs. per week or close offer would be acccepted between August 1 & Nov. 30, while owner is abroad. Inspected and recommended by GILLOWS. (3,112)

MAYFAIR.—For SALE, the Trust Lease of a charming modern RESIDENCE, containing: 11 bed, bath, & 5 reception rooms. Every possible convenience. Price £12,000. (40,152

SLOANE STREET.—For SALE, the long lease of a very fine modern red-brick RESIDENCE, in this favourite position: 14 bed, 2 bath, & 5 reception rooms. Price, £14,000. (40,146)

HYDE PARK.—An imposing newly modernised RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed close to Park & Kensington Gardens: 5 reception, bath, 12 bedrooms; stabling for 3. Rent, £315 per ann. (37,214)

FREEHOLDS—WEST CENTRAL.
SUITABLE FOR TRUST FUNDS.

AN excellent opportunity occurs of securing 4 capital Freehold RESIDENCES, all with good accommodation, in one of the principal thoroughfares; would form a good building investment. (40,151)

BEDFORD SQUARE. — A well-planned, medium-sized RESIDENCE in this excellent position. Rent, £130 & premium or slightly higher rent, without premium. (40,151)

EALING.—£10,000 will be accepted for the FREEHOLD of a delightful RESIDENCE, standing in 4 acres of ground: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; motor-car house, &c. (40,150)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES.—Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished & Unfurnished. Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

SURREY.—To be LET or SOLD, 2½ miles of a station, a charming old fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds: 2 halls, 4 reception, billiard, 15 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 7 horses; water laid on; charming grounds & garden; land up to 40 acres or less can be had. Would be let Furnished. Terms on application. (11,866)

HANTS (near Winchester).—To be SOLD, or LET Furnished, this charming Family RESIDENCE, with south aspect, overlooking magnificent country: 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling for 5, well-timbered garden & grounds, in all 20 acres. Golf. Fishing in the Itchen close by. (10,722)

Midst the Blackmore Vale Hunt.

SOMERSET (a mile from station on the G. W. Ry.).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a magnificent old Queen Anne RESIDENCE, standing in park of about 700 acres. Four reception, 23 bedrooms; stabling for 6, cottage. Shooting over 3,000 acres, more if required. Rent £450 per annum furnished, £350 per annum unfurnished. Might be SOLD. (12,165)

UNDER ONE HOUR FROM LONDON. BERKS.—To be LET Furnished, a charming old-fashioned COTTAGE ORNÉE with grand views, 3 miles from station. 2 reception, 10 bed, dressing, & bathrooms, stabling & motor house, charming grounds & gardens, tennis lawn. Rent, 200 guineas a sear. (12,366)

£5,000 WILL PURCHASE a charming old RESIDENCE, near Westerham, Kent (built in the William and Mary period), standing 800ft. above sea-level, in 14 acres of well-wooded grounds. Accommodation: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms stabling for 3; hunting, golf, and shooting in the district. Also Furnished. (12,332)

BANKS OF THE THAMES (overlooking a well-known lock). To be SOLD, 14 years' lease of this taking RESIDENCE, standing in absolutely secluded grounds of 2 acres. Accommodation: billiard & 3 reception, 9 bed & dressing-rooms. Electric light, telephone, stabling for 2, cottage. Inspected and recommended by GILLOWS. (12,010)

SUSSEX (in a bracing position).—To be LET Unfurnished, an artistic Bijou RESIDENCE. Hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bath; rent, 3½ Guineas a week, including plate and linen and wages of 2 servants. Photo. (E. L. 150)

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PERFECT COUNTRY. DRIVE OF TOWN.

"BENTLEY PRIORY," STANMORE (for some years the abode of the late Frederick Gordon, Esq.)—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer or by the year, this notable COUNTRY MANSION (formerly a Royal Residence) of considerable historic interest, occupying a healthy and open position in an extensive and handsomely timbered deer park, and commanding delightful views; it is approached by lengthy drives from lodge entrances, and comprises handsome entrance hall, smoking-room, magnificent conservatory (a very striking feature of the Mansion), spacious inner hall, elegant drawing room 30ft. by 28ft., boudoir, charming music room, noble ball room, splendid dining room, spacious billiard room (2 tables), and every convenience in the shape of lavatories, etc., with complete and convenient offices; above are 24 excellent bed and dressing rooms; 5 bathrooms, etc.; the whole premises are lighted by electricity, and the Mansion is most elegantly furnished and appointed; stabling for about 20 horses, coachman's and groom's rooms. The grounds are singularly beautiful and varied; there are exquisite pleasure gardens, a noted cedar garden, sloping South terraces, woods, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.: fine kitchen gardens, and complete range of glasshouses; full South aspect. This remarkably attractive Residence, with its unrivalled surroundings, forms one of the choicest abodes, and has the unique advantage of being within driving distance of Town, and yet in perfect country, and close to famous golf links.—For full particulars and orders to view, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

IN AN UNRIVALLED POSITION COMMANDING UNEQUALLED VIEWS.

HANTS (near Ventnor, in the most beautiful part of the Island).—For SALE, at a very low figure, a singularly choice and charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, standing high and well sheltered. The Residence, most substantially built of stone, is approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, excellent domestic offices, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water and gas laid on throughout; away from the house is the stabling, approached by separate entrance, and comprising 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, harness room, standing for 4 carriages, coachman's house, etc. The grounds are one of the special features of the Property, and, although only about 13 acres in extent, are not overlooked, and are so diversified and undulating that there is the appearance and charm of 30 acres, lovely walks for miles through the woods, shrubberies, and by the sea, to which there is extensive frontage, 2 tennis lawns, 2 fine kitchen gardens, range of glasshouses, summer-houses, and about 6 acres of good meadowland.—Price and further particulars of Messrs. SCATCHERD, HOPKINS and MIDDLEBROOKS, Solicitors, Prudential Buildings, Leeds; and of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., who have personally inspected and can strongly recommend this delightful Property. Photos at Offices.

A PERFECTLY UNIQUE, MODERNISED RESIDENCE.
31 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

TO BE SOLD, at a sacrifice, a picturesque, creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with 12 acres, about 2 miles from Weybridge, and forming an ideal home for a City man. Money has within the last few years been lavished on the property to provide luxuries quite out of the common. The Residence is in splendid order, electric light is installed, and the sanitary fittings are simply perfection. The accommodation comprises: square hall, quaint Dutch snuggery, drawing room in Adam's style, oak-panelled dining room, divan, 10 bedrooms, 2 model bathrooms, servants' hall, and very good offices; stabling for 4, outbuildings, several cottages; perfectly lovely old gardens, croquet, tennis, chestnut drive; miniature golf course, capital kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, orchard and parkland. Very strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.

Sussex, near Goodwood and Chichester, only two and a half miles from Chichester Station and town, with its fine old Cathedral and interesting buildings, and about three and a half miles from Goodwood Racecourse.

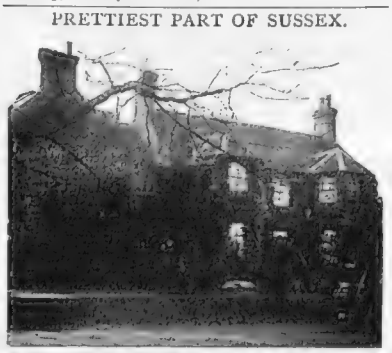
HAMPTON AND SONS will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Friday, July 22, at Two (unless previously disposed of by private treaty), the attractive Freehold Residential Property known as

NORTHLANDS, CHICHESTER,

in the parish of Funtington, in a beautifully wooded country, and lying most compact within a ring fence, possessing extensive frontages to high roads, and almost surrounded by a belt of heavy timber. The gentleman's residence stands almost in the centre of the estate, and occupies an exceptionally choice situation, commanding beautiful views of the Isle of Wight and Chichester Harbour. The house contains: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, staircase hall, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 men's rooms housekeeper's room, servants' hall, and offices; modern drainage, ample water, gravel soil; capital stabling for 7 horses, 2 coach houses, shady lawns, croquet lawn, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and vinery, with a picturesque cottage for gardener; ample farm buildings, including barn, cowhouses for 12 cows, stabling, and sheds. The total area of the property is about 100 acres of finely timbered park and wood land, with a thick belt of timber, and extensive shrubbery walk on both sides of the park.

Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, of the Solicitors, Messrs. Roper, Freeland, and Tyacke, Chichester; and of the Auctioneers 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRETTIEST PART OF SUSSEX.



NORTH LODGE, NEWICK.

THIS charming old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE for SALE, or would be LET, Unfurnished; 150 feet above sea, sandstone subsoil. Contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and offices; good stabling; pretty gardens; small farm, with house and buildings, in all 15 acres. Price only £4,000.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 1, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED.

THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, occupying an open and exceedingly pleasant situation in its own tastefully laid out grounds. It contains: 4 spacious reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices with servants' hall: stabling for 2, coachman's accommodation: pretty grounds of about an acre, with tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, etc. Moderate rent.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SUSSEX (one hour from Town, 400ft. above sea level, in a beautiful position).—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer, a most delightful RESIDENCE, in grounds and park of 50 acres. It contains: large hall, 4 handsome reception rooms, billiard room, butler's pantry, servants' hall, 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 8; all in first-rate order: very charming and extensive grounds, large lawns, walled kitchen garden, vineries, etc.; soil sandy. Near golf. Strongly recommended.

Beautiful Gardens.—Medium-sized House.

HATFIELD (within an easy drive, and under a mile from a station on the main G.N.Ry.)—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate over 400ft. above sea-level on gravel soil, and commanding exceptionally fine views from the principal rooms, extending as far as St. Alban's Abbey. The accommodation includes 2 halls, 4 good reception rooms, and billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases, fitted bathroom, and convenient domestic offices, and cellars; gas and water laid on, main drainage. The grounds are exceptionally attractive, possessing a wealth of fine old timber, also a stretch of ornamental water, 2 tennis courts, two kitchen gardens, &c., in all about 7 acres, together with about 33 acres of rich old grassland; stabling for 6, laundry, cowhouses, lodge, and gardener's cottage. Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, SW.

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49½ ACRES.

SURREY (near Horley).—To be LET unfurnished, a charmingly situated old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing 350 feet above the sea-level, and containing: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and usual offices. Stabling for 7 horses; small farmery and cottage. The grounds are about 2½ acres in extent, are well wooded, and include tennis lawn, flower garden and kitchen garden, also about 47 acres of good meadowland. Hunting and golf. Rent, £107 10s. per annum. Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,161)

WITHIN ONE HOUR OF LONDON.

BANKS OF THE THAMES (with a river frontage of about 180ft.).—One of the prettiest and most perfect RIVERSIDE RESIDENCES, to be SOLD, to an immediate purchaser at less than half its original cost. The House, which is approached by a long carriage drive, contains: Square entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent offices; there is also a very commodious dépendance, containing: hall, sitting room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and offices; the pleasure grounds are an attractive feature, being very tastefully laid out and well shrubbed, with fine wide spreading lawns, affording ample space for tennis and croquet lawns; there is a charming pergola of rustic build terminating in a pretty tea house, also a summer house overlooking river, the lower portion forming a boathouse; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, etc., and an excellent range of glass.—For price and further particulars apply to the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected list will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

KENSINGTON.—In one of the quietest and most secluded spots in this district, and close to the Gardens. Exceptionally well decorated Bijou RESIDENCE to be LET on lease, comprising: 4 bedrooms, 3 good reception rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices. Rent, only £90 per annum. Small premium. Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.) as above.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE (within a few steps of the Park).—A well-arranged HOUSE to be LET, with immediate possession, comprising: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, and good domestic offices. Rent, only £85 per annum, and a small premium, if required.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FLATS

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum and also furnished from 3gs. to 30gs. per week. A carefully selected List will be sent on receipt of requirements.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

HANS MANSIONS.—One of these perfectly arranged corner FLATS, to be LET, with possession at an early date. The accommodation comprises: 4 bedrooms, 2 large reception rooms, splendid square hall, and very complete domestic offices. Lifts working day and night, and every modern convenience. Rent only £250 per annum. Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HANS MANSIONS.—Very well furnished and arranged FLAT to be LET, with immediate possession if required. The accommodation comprises 7 bed and dressing-rooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices. Rent, only 10gs. per week. Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WILTS (Chippenham).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, a charmingly situated country RESIDENCE, standing in its own attractive grounds of about 3 acres, including tennis and other lawns, flower garden, shrubbery, kitchen garden, orchard, greenhouses, and forcing house; also fish pond with fountain. The residence contains: 4 reception rooms, hall, 8 bedrooms, housekeeper's room, and excellent domestic offices. Stabling for 10 horses, 2 coach-houses, and groom's room. Price, £2,850; rent, £120 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,153)

£1,800 FREEHOLD

HANTS (Hambledon).—To be SOLD or LET Furnished, an exceedingly choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situated in one of the prettiest parts of the county, being within 12 miles of Southsea and 9 miles of Petersfield, and within 3 miles of station. The house stands in its own well-timbered grounds of about 3½ acres, including meadow land. It is approached by a long carriage drive, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and excellent offices; stabling and outbuildings Rent, Furnished, 8 guineas per week. Price £1,800, freehold.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,019)

BERKS (Cookham).—To be LET, beautifully situated well-furnished RESIDENCE, having a river frontage of over 40 yards, and standing in grounds of 1¼ acre. It contains: 3 reception, billiard room, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for two.—Personally inspected and recommended. (F. 1,332)

Telegrams: OWENISME London."

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ESTATE AGENTS — AUCTIONEERS — VALUERS

REDUCED TERMS.

LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE on

ST. GEORGE'S HILLS, WEYBRIDGE.

TO be LET Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above fine Modern Residence, situate within a mile of the station, and standing in delightful grounds of over 3 acres, including a charming wood, excellent tennis lawn, kitchen, garden, etc. It is reached by a carriage drive with lodge. The accommodation comprises: hall, drawing-room, 27 ft. by 21 ft., dining-room, 24 ft. 6 in. by 15 ft., billiard-room, 24 ft. by 20 ft., study, conservatory and verandah, servants' hall, and butler's bedroom; above are boudoir, 13 bed and dressing rooms (one with fitted bath), bathroom, housemaid's sink, etc., stabling for 5 horses, coach-house and 3 rooms for man.—Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Gentleman's Residence and Farm.

On famous Surrey Hill near Dorking.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.—A thoroughly comfortable RESIDENCE (mainly built in the XIIth Century) and about 125 acres of particularly undulating land; long carriage drive; gravel soil; fine billiard and reception rooms, 8 bed and bathrooms; delightful old grounds and ornamental water. Low rent.—Recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

LOW RENT.

Ascot Neighbourhood.

FOR the SUMMER.—A capital Old-fashioned RESIDENCE, within a mile of station and with delightful pleasure grounds, croquet and tennis courts, kitchen garden, and surrounded by park-like land; contains lounge opening into conservatory, drawing and dining rooms, study, verandah, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and offices; stabling for 3, and accommodation for coachman; immediate possession if required.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

45 minutes' from Town.

FOR the SUMMER.—A very charming, interesting and Historical RESIDENCE, to be LET for a few weeks at a moderate rental; situate in the favourite Stoke D'Abernon neighbourhood, about a mile from the station, and within easy access of a golf course. Contains: large hall, 3 reception rooms with beautiful panelling, housekeeper's room and offices, 7 bedrooms with enriched ceiling and oak panelling, bathroom, etc., stabling; splendidly timbered grounds, lawns, productive kitchen gardens, etc. Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

ONE HOUR FROM TOWN; HAYWARDS HEATH.

FOR the SUMMER.—A beautiful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in splendid order, and commanding delightful views over very pretty undulating country. It is approached by a capital drive and surrounded by park-like land and gardens, extending in all to nearly 18 acres. Contains 3 excellent reception rooms (1 double), billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and offices; stabling, cottage, etc.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by OWEN, WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

NEAR GUILDFORD.

FOR the SUMMER.—A splendidly built RESIDENCE, in the midst of beautiful wild country, situate 500ft. above sea, and commanding most perfect views; 3 reception, hall, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices; ample stabling; delightful grounds. OWEN, WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W

HANTS.

FREEHOLD meadow and pasture land, 40 acres, 500 feet above the sea level. Half-a-mile from the village of Selborne, under 2 miles from Tisted station on the Meon Valley Railway, and 4 miles from the town of Alton. Close to a main road and commanding lovely views of Selborne, and a landscape view of twenty miles over a beautifully wooded and undulating district, and offering a splendid site for a small residential property in "Gilbert White's" country, so famed for its scenery. More land could be acquired. Price £900 OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

3,500 guineas. Half-mile from golf.

HINDHEAD. AMIDST THE PINES AND MOORS.

AN old-fashioned creeper-clad gabled RESIDENCE, in a bracing position, with nearly 10 acres of delightful and naturally beautiful grounds. Ten bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

BERKSHIRE. Oak floors and beams.

£4,000. ADJOINING LARGE COMMON.

PICTURESQUE and attractive RESIDENCE with many delightful characteristics; lounge halls, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Quaint large cottage, and nearly 25 acres in ring fence; grand timber and avenue of oaks.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17 King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

CHILTERN HILLS.—To be LET or SOLD, a XVIIth Century RESIDENCE, on the outskirts of interesting old town, with 16 acres of splendidly-timbered grounds; 12 bed, 4 reception rooms, hall, bathroom, etc. Low rent and moderate premium.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Kent and Sussex.

120 ACRES AND HANDSOME RESIDENCE.

A FINE old RESIDENCE, with long avenued drive and richly-timbered and undulating parkland; 3 reception, 11 bed and bathrooms, and good offices. Return of about £300 per annum, and to be SOLD, a bargain price, to pay good percentage.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, S.W.

Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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CAMBRIDGE about three miles from the University. — A delightful FREEHOLD ESTATE of 73 acres, medium-sized residence, with large reception rooms, billiard room, electric light, stabling, old-world lawns and gardens, small farmery, and some of the best grass land in the county, with a belt of grand old timber, to be SOLD by auction, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, the 25th inst.

MILTON HALL, Cambridgeshire

The above substantially built residence, with electric light throughout and telephone, contains: 3 large and lofty reception rooms, billiard-room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, spacious offices, and vaulted cellarage. Carriage drives from two modern red-brick lodges lead to the house, which is agreeably placed in charming lawns and gardens, with views over the rich old pastures, which are studded with fine forest trees. There is a most productive and well-stocked walled kitchen garden, span greenhouse, range of recently built poultry houses, thriving orchard, substantial brick-built farmery and yards, woodland walks, small lake, with boathouse, and three cottages, the whole presenting a complete establishment on a moderate scale, suitable for one desiring a pleasant country home, inexpensive to maintain, within 80 minutes of the Metropolis, and with the advantages of the excellent society and sport afforded by the district. Illustrated particulars, plans, and conditions of sale may be had of the Auctioneers,

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, of 9, Conduit Street, London, W., who are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Grain, Moyes, and Wisbey, Land Agents, of 66, St. Andrews Street, Cambridge, or of the Vendor's Solicitors, Messrs. Papworth and French, 9, St. Andrews Hill, Cambridge.

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM DISTRICT. —Very fine old-fashioned red brick RESIDENCE, with 4 reception, 13 bed, bath (h. and c.). Electric light. Stabling. Pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens. Cottages. Model farmery. All in thorough order; 170 acres freehold land. To be sold at a fraction of cost for £7,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,601)

£1,750 for the above attractive RESIDENCE, Essex and Herts borders, close to a station. The house stands high, approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices. Well matured grounds of 1½ acres; Company's water. — Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,564)

ELECTRIC LIGHT. PICTURE GALLERY. LOUNGE HALL.

NORFOLK (Broads).—To be LET, Furnished, or might be SOLD, a magnificent RESIDENCE, built regardless of cost, and containing one of the choicest collections of genuine antique furniture and works of art in existence. The house contains: lounge hall 31ft. by 25ft., dining room, drawing room, library, study, picture gallery, and 14 bedrooms and is in the most perfect order throughout, and fitted with every imaginable convenience. There is extensive stabling, and pretty gardens and grounds of about 9 acres.—Photographs and plans of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,305)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN.

3½ HOURS OF LONDON.

FOR SALE, owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 6 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,719)

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE a small PROPERTY in Sussex (favourite Heathfield district), including modern Residence, with 3 reception and 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); stabling, buildings, glasshouses, and 7½ acres of land. Would be LET.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,588)

A COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN S. DEVON, NEAR CATHEDRAL TOWN.

FOR SALE, HOUSE, containing: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing, bath (h. and c.). The grounds comprise lawns, flower gardens, orchard and grass land of over 12 acres. Stabling and outbuildings; Company's water; acetylene gas installation. Price £4,600. Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,594)

ONE HOUR OF CITY.—Lovely district.—Pretty COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with ornamental grounds and paddock of 10 acres; entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed, bath; excellent stabling with clock tower; expensively fitted throughout. To be SOLD for £2,750, only fraction of cost.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,483)

On one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames; near Quarry Woods.

£3,000 (a Bargain).—This charming creeper-clad RESIDENCE, standing in matured grounds of 5 acres, well timbered: 9 bed, boudoir, 3 reception; stabling for 7; 10 minutes from station and river. Freehold.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,457)

Good Hunting District.
12 miles from Bath.

GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high in beautiful grounds of 3 acres. 4 reception and 8 bedrooms; conservatory; pretty verandah; stabling for 10. Trout fishing and shooting. Quarter mile from a station. Price £2,900. Rent £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,562)

GOOD HUNTING COUNTRY, ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, a HOUSE, with 3 reception, 16 bed and dressing, bath; gas and water; extensive stabling; coachman's cottage; well-matured grounds, tastefully laid out in terraces, and containing some noble specimens of cedars; conservatory; nearly 4 acres; would also be LET Unfurnished. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,397)

CLIVEDEN REACH (two miles from Taplow and Maidenhead Stations, above flood level, with lovely rural aspect).—To be LET, Unfurnished, pretty RIVER COTTAGE; 2 reception, 6 bed, bath; tastefully decorated. Rent, £60 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

STOKE COURT ESTATE.
Stoke Poges, Farnham Royal, Burnham Beeches, Bucks.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Monday the 25th inst., at 2 p.m.,

THE OUTLYING PORTIONS

of the above Estate, including the VARIOUS HOUSES AND HOLDINGS, and A LARGE QUANTITY OF WOODS WITH FINE PINE, BEECH, AND OAK TREES, comprising

EXCEPTIONAL SITES FOR COUNTRY HOUSES,
and extending to a total area of nearly
400 ACRES.

Plans and full particulars of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

In a high-class Sporting District.
40 minutes from King's Cross.

FOR SALE, a picturesque Sixteenth Century GUILD HOUSE, recently modernised, in beautiful old grounds, including lawns, rockeries, conservatory, with fernery, glasshouses, etc. House contains: 5 reception, billiard, 16 bed and dressing, bath. Old oak panelling. Hiding place. Minstrels' Gallery. Gas and water laid on. Drainage perfect. Excellent stabling.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,585)

OLD FASHIONED CREEPER-CLAD RESIDENCE to be LET or SOLD. In an ancient village in the Thames Valley and one of the best parts for boating: 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing; stabling for 4; 7 acres of grounds in perfect order; flower garden with choicest rose-trees, magnificent lawns, orchard, etc.; hunting. Price, £4,000. Rent, £140. Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,414)

450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. NEAR WARLINGHAM, SURREY.

FOR SALE, below cost, this picturesque RESIDENCE, with beautifully laid out grounds of 3 acres, including tennis lawn: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, and 2 bathrooms. Close to golf links. Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,560)

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

One Mile from a station, 35 minutes from London.

HERTS.—For SALE, in the high and healthy Boxmoor district, the above convenient HOUSE, containing: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms; tennis lawns and grounds of 1½ acres; golf links near. Price, £2,975. — Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,520)

In the beautiful pine district near Hindhead. 90 minutes of Town.

HANTS. — Picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE for SALE, with stabling and 2 acres of grounds; additional land up to 30 acres available; 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms; good water supply. Price low. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,327)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE.

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

WINCHESTER (near). — £4,000 only for capital MANOR HOUSE, and 37 acres of rich, well timbered pasture. Excellent stabling for 12, attractive gardens and grounds, glass-houses, 4 cottages, and farmery; 16 bed and dressing rooms, full sized billiard room. Every convenience, modern sanitation, electric light. Close to old-world village. Hunting with H.H. Inspected. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,146)

MIDLAND MAIN LINE.

THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE MANSION, situate in a favourite district within about seventy minutes by rail of London, and encircled by superb grounds and finely timbered park, the whole extending to upwards of 100 acres, will be SOLD by auction at the Mart, on July 27, unless previously disposed of privately.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,444)

ALMOST UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE on the Sussex coast with magnificently timbered grounds, leading to the sea shore and commanding grand views of the Channel; to be SOLD at moderate price. It contains: 12 bedrooms and large reception rooms, stabling for 4, cottage; near favourite seaside town, easy drive of Goodwood. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,030)

SURREY HILLS (near Oxted and Limpsfield Golf Club).—Artistic red brick RESIDENCE for SALE, at moderate price; 6½ acres of perfectly secluded grounds, modern stabling, and every convenience; fine billiard room, large and lofty reception and 12 bedrooms; perfect sanitation and water supply. Strongly recommended.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,135)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS commanding magnificent panoramic views 40 miles in extent.—To be SOLD, unusually attractive HOUSE, built for owner's own occupation, in perfect order: stabling, tennis lawn, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 8 bedrooms, bath, large reception rooms, a mile from station, 40 minutes from London, gravel soil. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,445)

IDEAL RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

BANKS OF THE THAMES, to be SOLD, Freehold, the charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, depicted above, occupying one of the choicest positions, with lawn to river: large hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling, and launch house.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,419)

£5,000 only for a compact RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 424 acres on the borders of Hants and Wilts. Medium-sized residence, with stabling, attractive grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, excellent farm buildings, bailiff's house, and 8 cottages. Capital partridge shooting (extra can be hired). Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,367)

BEDS (North).—To be SOLD or LET Furnished for the summer months, charming Country HOUSE and grandly timbered grounds of 15 acres; price £4,500: 10 bed, bath, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling, walled kitchen garden, and farmery; cottages and additional land if desired; healthy district, a mile from station. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,645)

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING ESTATES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

6,000 ACRES (nearly) of very fine covert and open ground SHOOTING to be LET, with Furnished MANSION, situate within 2½ miles from a station, about three hours by rail from London, on the borders of Hants and Wilts. — Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,213)

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

THE above lovely home in Sussex for SALE, comprising an exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE of medium size, on high ground, commanding beautiful views, with about 130 or more acres. Fishing and hunting. Inspected and recommended. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,202)

IN THE VERY BEST PART OF THE PYTCHLEY.—To be LET Furnished, on LEASE, with or without 3,000 acres of shooting. One of the best-known COUNTRY MANSIONS, close to a station, and under two hours from London; splendidly placed for hunting with the above hounds. The Residence is a handsome structure, and stands in a park of about 80 acres; stabling for 20 horses. Inspected by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (15,068)

UNIQUE YACHTING FACILITIES. — Capital Family RESIDENCE, to be LET Unfurnished, situated in one of the finest positions on the shores of the Solent, opposite Cowes. It stands well above the sea, with delightful gardens extending to the seashore, about 35 acres in all; spacious hall, 5 reception, 18 bedrooms; lodge entrance, stabling for 8, and 3 cottages; view tower in grounds.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,297)

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SPORTING PROPERTY

"EASTON HALL," Grantham.—This well-known COUNTRY SEAT, handsomely furnished. To be LET with 7,000 acres of excellent mixed shooting and capital trout fishing. Hunting with the BELVOIR and COTTESMORE Hounds. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (19,221)

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

NORFOLK COAST, near Cromer, with private grounds, leading to the beach.—To be LET, furnished for the summer, charming HOUSE, containing: 19 bedrooms, large reception rooms; stabling. Glorious views of the German Ocean. Moderate rent.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,795)

BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an exact replica of an old Hampshire MANOR HOUSE, with charming grounds of 30 acres, beautifully situate, 400 feet above sea, grand views: 15 bed and dressing, oak panelled hall and reception rooms; stabling; quaint gate-house and archway. A mile from main line station. Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,288)

£2,250 will purchase a compact little PROPERTY in a first-rate social and sporting district in the Midlands, near good town with fine train service; all in perfect order; 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, good gardens and paddocks. Should be seen at once. —Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,510)

45 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

OXSHOTT and COBHAM.—Surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

£2,450 WILL PURCHASE a charming medium-sized HOUSE and 25 ACRES, delightfully situated near Tunbridge Wells, pleasure and kitchen gardens, farmery and stabling.—Particulars of Messrs WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street W.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs. —Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

CUMBERLAND. — To be SOLD, a sound Agricultural and Sporting ESTATE, of upwards of 1,000 acres, lying compactly in a ring fence. It is well wooded, bounded by county roads, intersected by a stream, and divided into suitable holdings, all let, and producing about £900 per annum.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,093)

EARLY XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE.

Within 45 minutes of London.

THE ABOVE CHARMING OLD RESIDENCE, with over 100 acres of beautifully timbered land, to be SOLD at the low price of £6,000. The House, in first-class order, stands about 400ft. above the sea, in delightful old-world grounds; contains: Entrance hall with fine staircase, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms (or more), bathroom, and offices; stabling, farm buildings, 2 cottages.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,268)

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CONISTON. —Compact small SPORTING ESTATE, for SALE, with 2 miles of frontage to the Lake, and adjoining an extensive common, over which there are valuable sporting and pasturage rights; capital pheasant, partridge, grouse, woodcock and other shooting; good fishing in the Lake; some excellent sites for a residence; unrivalled scenery. Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,530)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; also pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession: price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)

C. J. CHARLES

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No. 33.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, HENRY LOWENFELD. Lessee and Manager, Tom B. Davis.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
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THE WORLD OF WOMEN

[The Editor feels it necessary to disclaim any responsibility for Calpurnia's opinions. It is as well to give a fair contributor who feels she has a mission the opportunity of giving vent to it occasionally. Such outbursts clear the air if they do nothing else.]

On Bridge

A great deal is being said and written nowadays on the subject of luxury, and I, for one, do think that we are going far and fast along the path which leads towards the decay of a society. I am not going to re-echo the usual diatribes against the "smart set," which anybody with a fairly vigorous and fluid pen can get printed at any time, and quoted by all the papers, especially the Radical ones, nor am I going to worry myself about the prevalence of the excellent game of Bridge. Bridge is only a sign of the times, and I don't think it is such a portentous sign after all. The people who play it to excess, either of money or time, would play some other game if Bridge did not happen to be in fashion, and it would almost certainly be more of a gambling game and one which did not demand any of the intellectual qualities which make Bridge what it is. No, I am not frightened by the bogey of Bridge.

And the Smart Set

And, for the same reason, I am not greatly disturbed at the doings of the "smart set." They are certainly very noisy and very shallow, and, I think, rather vulgar. But the silly rich we have always with us, and I do not think that their doings at the present time are much worse than they have always been, or that they are of sufficient importance to necessitate the mission about which the *Daily News* has recently interviewed a respectable Wesleyan clergyman. But I do think that the example of the "smart set" is permeating the more stable sections of society in a way that it has hardly ever done before, and I think that that is a disturbing fact, and one which ought to be considered.

On Luxury

There is no doubt whatever about the taste for excessive luxury being on the increase, at any rate among the upper classes. Among the middle and lower classes I don't believe it is so. My own experience goes to show that the genuine middle classes, when they become rich, do not spend a much larger proportion of their incomes in personal luxury than before. The men, as a rule, go on working, and the women, if they are sensible, go on living their decorous and rather dull lives, with perhaps a little more ostentation thrown into their way of life, out of deference to their husbands' rise in fortune. But their particular form of ostentation does not tend towards personal luxury, and it generally makes them rather duller than before. And as for the working classes—well, I, for one, don't grudge them *their* little luxuries. I'm only too pleased to think that their standard of living is increasing.

The Upper Classes

But among the upper classes things are very different to what they used to be. One notices this especially in reading the novels of past days. I said something last week about some of Jane Austen's characters, and it is on a re-reading of her delightful works that this fact of the development of luxury and amusement amongst the leisured classes has so much struck me. The quietness of it all in the old days is so refreshing to look back upon, before the days of incessant travelling and bustling about. Think of those refined ladies in their beautiful country homes, with their reading, their music, their sketching, and their pleasant household duties. If they went away for a visit, it was of weeks', and even of months', duration. And there was real social intercourse in those days. Their conversation, if one is to take that of Jane Austen's characters as an example, was stilted and would certainly sound rather priggish in these days. But there was an effort to express themselves well, and conversation was considered an art to be cultivated. How different from the vapid banalities that pass muster for conversation nowadays!

Then and Now

But we need not go as far back as Jane Austen's time to realise the difference. In one's own young days it was sufficiently marked. There was much more self-restraint in home life, even in that of the very well-to-do. Country houses were lived in for a good part of the year, and those who owned estates acknowledged many duties incumbent upon them which are apt to be entirely ignored nowadays. Besides, at present there is an increasing tendency, especially on the part of those who live within easy reach of town, to look upon a country home as a place of pleasure and nothing else. They are not content even to shut it up for the time they spend in London, but organise week-end parties, and fill it with guests for a day or two at a time; and, indeed, are seldom to be found living the quiet, old-fashioned home life, with rational occupation and rational amusement.

The Smart Set Again

And it is here that the influence of the "smart set" is so dangerous. It is permeated with people who have made a great deal of money, a great deal more than they know how to spend sensibly; so they spend it in giving themselves, and, to do them justice, their friends, what they call "a good time." I sincerely hope that the day will come when people will realise that undue luxury and self-indulgence is not necessary in order to have "a good time," that, indeed, it is rather apt to destroy one's enjoyment, if anything at all. But I am bound to say that it does not look as if that time were coming just yet. CALPURNIA.

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

We are aweary, aweary and all modistic virtue has gone out of us. But the pose is merely a passing one, and in a few short days, we shall be applauding or condemning, as the case may demand, with all our usual vigour, confections for Cowes, common-sense suits for the moors, and the country, and searching far and wide for that ideal restaurant dinner gown. The immediate moment, however, finds us craving for an extreme simplicity of outline, merely as a pause though, for despite some ominous rumours, not to say assertions, as to the fancy for fussiness being over, we are ourselves far removed from that opinion. There will, however, of that we are persuaded, be a large leaven of severity, the bridge to which end we shall contrive to build up very assuredly during the next three months.

A pale mauve and white muslin with delicate blue ceinture

The hat is of mauve straw, trimmed with blue satin ribbon and roses

The Ethics of the Elegante

The women who not only know, but feel clothes, fill each seasonable situation artistically, wherefore may we look to them for guidance in the conduct of the neat country gown, and we hear much in favour of the wide-pleated, also small box-pleated trottoir skirt. These are to fulfil many destinies, in white canvas, serge, and tiny checked Etamines, worn with soft *linon* blouses, hand embroidered in small spots and sprays.

One big tailor is providing his knockabout skirt with two coats, respectively of bolero and reefer genre. For yachting, this is an admirable notion, and works out admirably in navy, the bolero relieved by a small inner vest of white kersey cloth.

That tiny inner vest is a very *tour de force* just now. It is the narrow simulated affair to which we refer, starting frequently from nowhere and concluding with an equal inconsequence. But it serves for a diversion, and offers at the same time an admirable opportunity for introducing some touch of rare or quaint embroidery, or clever braiding device. Embroideries, by the way, whether by intention or merely coincidence—which is always strange, and a little weird—it is impossible to say, will tend emphatically to Japanese effects. The fact is undeniable, that the trend in that direction set in long before the war, though that unfortunate affair has possibly tended to crystallise what was merely a passing fad, or whim, into an inevitable consequence. But, in common with the majority of these decorative details,

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it is most probable that strict orthodoxy will give way before an illuminative elaboration.

Craze for the Cross-over Bodice

This carries a reminiscence of the old handkerchief corsage, and we are advised that it is smiled upon favourably by those who predict great and elegant things of it. As the passing hour has seized it, there is no more charming fancy expressed in soft white canvas, the crossed fronts laid on hems of palest green silk, worked over with dark blue and white French knots, and concluding in a small turn-over collar of dark blue silk. The skirt to this being set slightly fulled into the waist all round, and finished with tucks at the hem.

And a development of this already has been found in the cross-over coatee, resolving into a short shaped basque below a high belt of leather, while yet another diversity shows all the fulness at the waist deftly laid in a series of tiny upright tucks, the general effect whereof simulates a deep corselet.

This last is peculiarly pleasing, and gives the figure such a delightfully svelte appearance. It is, moreover, exceedingly clever and far beyond the aspiring capabilities of that terrible plagiarist, the small modiste.

A Tea Jacket, simple and original in style

The Rage for Rubber

It is a degenerate admission, and one in which I would not for the world include Ambrosine; but if I have one bugbear, it is noise. Was it not Schopenhauer who remarked "that life would be endurable but for its noise"? Upon the certainty of that fact, I would have shaken hands heartily with the great philosopher; and any and every imaginable article that comes my way, calculated to diminish the strain on one's oral faculties, is given ready attention.

Boots and shoes have always been a terrible source of irritation in this particular, and when rubber stepped in to fill this breach, as it has done in the case of so many others, we all flew to welcome its advent. There are further considerations, too, in connection with rubber-heeled shoes, that are of the utmost importance to health, which may be all summed up in the similitude this addition bears to the pneumatic tyre of a bicycle, a pleasant elasticity being given to the walk, and all the strain practically taken off the hips thereby.

Recalling the unqualified success of the revolving heel, it is not surprising to find that the same company have brought out now a further development in the Wood Milne quality; this firm have been years at the work, and have at last indubitably acquired the secret how to combine toughness with resilience. Anybody can cut up a bit of rubber to fit a heel, but shoddy rubber is worse than useless; whereas the Wood Milne heels last six months. For schoolboy wear alone, they are deserving of a vote of thanks from the entire community of parents.

A Tea Jacket, Simple and Original

We wonder if it will be gathered from the picture how four squares fashion this quaint confection? For choice, Louisine squares are the prettiest, with coloured silk borders, but also are they the most expensive, like most other desirable things; so that two and a half yards of silk width, divided into four squares may be equally well requisitioned.

One width, with its upturned corner, forms the back, one being allowed for each sleeve, and the fourth divided on the cross, shapes the handkerchief front. There is a certain little clever manoeuvring beneath the arms, but that is all the make there is in it, and the destiny of this pretty thing is to transform any summer muslin or net frock into a little home dinner dress. Or it may be used as a slight theatre wrap, while in black or self-coloured Louisine, or mousseline taffeta, it makes quite for picturesque and possible day wear.

The Last Muslin of Summer

After this design, we shall cease to consider the constructive needs of these day ephemeralities. But the sales, with their seductive short lengths, have led us into the temptation of just this one more, in which the deep flounced skirt and shapely little fichu further serve to justify, by a flavour of originality, the presence of the picture.

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Mrs. Pomeroy

In view of the holidays on moorland and sea, to say nothing of motoring tours, Mrs. Pomeroy has some particular words of advice to give respecting the use of her skin food and liquid powder, both admirable specifics — indeed there are none better — towards the preservation of that most treasured adjunct to a woman's successful appearance, a good clear healthful complexion. Ambrosine and I have such a particular liking, and belief in Mrs. Pomeroy's treatment, that we are always a little afraid of launching forth into hysterical praise, a procedure that invariably strikes an unconvincing note.

A Fashionable Fad

is note paper. Almost may one guess something of the individuality of the writer from the quality and kind of paper used, together with the choice exhibited in the address or use of a monogram. For instance, a certain strength and boldness of character is invariably suggested by a large, bold lettering, the essentially feminine — slightly reminiscent of early Victorian days — appealing in the tiny lettering and infinitesimal monogram, sometimes set within a delicately ornate frame of Louis Seize genre. While, in respect of varying qualities, colourings, and shapes of paper and envelopes, truly their name is legion. To be accounted among the latest is a "Japon" vellum, in a peculiarly pleasant cream shade, and a slightly satin surface, but not too much so for the latter-day broad nib. This "Japon" is got up in dainty grey boxes, distinguished by a coloured picture of a roguish Japanese maiden, her studied black coiffure, set by the background of a gay painted umbrella, while the bands enclosing the envelopes carry real or simulated — our knowledge fails us here — Japanese hieroglyphics.

The Menu

The question of luncheons for the river is an all absorbing topic these days. I offer the following suggestions for those who wish to entertain their friends with a modest little luncheon to be eaten à la picnic.

GALANTINE OF VEAL

Take a piece of breast of veal, about 12 to 14 in. long; bone and trim it carefully, removing all gristle and superfluous fat, as well as some of the meat (about 1 lb). Take this meat and ½ lb. of fat bacon; pound together in a mortar, season with powdered spice and sweet herbs, pepper and salt to taste; then pass the mixture through a wire sieve. Cut ½ lb. of boiled tongue in pieces about 1 in. square; cut ½ doz. truffles, each into three or four pieces. Lay the prepared breast of veal, skin downwards, on the table, sprinkle it with pepper, salt, and powdered spices; lay the pounded meat, the truffles, and the tongue on it, then roll it up neatly as a roly-poly pudding, and tie it up tightly in a cloth. Put all the trimmings and bones of the breast into a saucepan large enough to hold the galantine, add a calf's foot cut in pieces, the trimmings of the bacon, two or three onions, and two carrots, cut in pieces; a clove of garlic, a bundle of sweet herbs, thyme, marjoram, parsley, and bayleaf, cloves, white pepper, mace, and salt in proportions, according to taste. Fill up with as much cold water as will leave room for the galantine to be put in. Set the saucepan on the fire, when the contents boil, put in the galantine. Let it boil gently for two and a half hours. Then lift it out, put in on a plate, and when it has cooled a little, take off the cloth, tie it up afresh, and lay it between two dishes with a moderate weight upon it, to remain till cold. Care must be taken in this last operation that the "seam" of the galantine be made to come underneath. When quite cold, undo the cloth, glaze the galantine, and garnish it with savoury jelly made from the liquor in which it was boiled.

SPICED BEEF

Eight pounds silverside of beef; remove any skin, gristle, or bones; rub it over with ½ oz. saltpetre, ½ oz. bay salt; then rub it well with the following spices, pounded: 1 oz. black pepper, 1 oz. allspice, ½ oz. ground ginger, ¼ oz. cloves, and half the quantity of mace. Rub the beef well; then add 3 oz. common salt and ¼ lb. coarse pickling sugar. Let the beef remain a fortnight in this pickle, turning it and rubbing it every day. Take it out and roll it very tight with a broad tape. Boil it for two hours and a half. Put a dish over it, with a heavy weight upon it, and when cold, take off the tape.

CUTLETS IN ASPIC

Stew the best end of a neck of mutton till tender. Cut it into nice shaped cutlets. Make a firm jelly and drop the cutlets in. When cold, cut them out the shape of the cutlets. Pile some cress in the centre. Put the cutlets round it. This makes a very pretty dish.

STEAK AND GIBLET PIE

(Economical in country houses where much poultry is used.)

Place in a pan of cold water eight peppercorns, two blades of mace, four cloves, one sliced onion, and a bunch of sweet herbs. Cook the well-washed giblets in this, and when they are tender add the well-washed livers. Have ready 1 lb. of thin steak, partly cooked, and cut it into strips, season with salt and pepper, and roll a piece of the cooked giblet or liver in each. Add some slices of parboiled potatoes and a little more seasoning. Add some of the liquid in which the giblets were cooked, cover with paste and bake as usual. A couple of hard-boiled eggs put in the pie are a great improvement.

SARDINE SANDWICHES

Cut some slices of thin bread and butter; put the following mixture on each slice: Bone and pass through a sieve twelve sardines, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and a nice piece of butter. Add some finely chopped parsley, and season highly with black pepper and cayenne, all well mixed together. Cut the sandwiches into oblong shapes; serve with cress or lettuce in the middle.

IRISH PUFFS

A quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, ½ oz. of bitter, pounded (but not too fine), ¼ lb. of castor sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth. Mix all these together, and put them in pastry. Bake a light brown, and when done, sift a little white sugar on the tops.

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FREDERICK HARRISON,
General Manager.

Euston, July 1904.

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The Editor's Box

Some Garden Gods

At the present moment, in town, there is no more charming and refreshing collection in London than the one that Mr. Charles, of Brook Street, has brought together in his new galleries. From every corner of Europe he has collected seventeenth and eighteenth century stone statuary which decorated the gardens that our ancestors loved. These gods of yesteryear of old and happy, far-off things. Set once more in a garden of antique growth, they appear so nicely adjusted to their environment and so agreeably decorative as to make one wonder how it was that one's father's father dismissed these picturesque deities to the limbo of the potting shed and the outer wilderness beyond the paddock. Some of the examples in Brook Street show these antique tanks from old courtyards and mediæval palaces to great advantage, and the general effect of the exhibition is so pleasing that it will, no doubt, be greatly visited this season. We hope ourselves to return to it shortly, and review some of the more remarkable pieces of sculpture in detail. E. M.

Italy-in-London Fête

The Exhibition was *en fête* last week in aid of the Italian Hospital. A weird and beautiful spectacle was provided by coloured fires, which lit up the Western Gardens and made the peaceable thousands resemble the figures in an Inferno. The gala bunting, Venetian masts, radiant festoons of flowers, supplemented after dark by myriads of coloured lamps, Eastern lanterns, and beautiful pyrotechnic effects, with the tens of thousands of gaily-garbed visitors, provided a spectacle of great splendour. The moving panorama round the bandstand almost came to rest. The crush was so great that it was barely possible to move.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOVELS

"The Setting Sun." By "X." (Skeffington and Son). 3*s.* 6*d.*

"A Bachelor in Arcady." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (T. Fisher Unwin.) 6*s.*

"My Australian Girlhood." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Fisher Unwin). 6*s.*

TRAINS DE LUXE

CARLSBAD EXPRESS. 10 a.m. daily. Carlsbad, Franzensbad, Marienbad, &c.

ENGADINE EXPRESS. 11 a.m. daily. Coire, Ragatz, Lucerne, Interlaken, &c.

OSTEND-SWISS EXPRESS. 10 a.m. daily. Lucerne, Coire, &c.

VICHY EXPRESS. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

AIX-LES-BAINS-SAVOY EXPRESS. Daylight service. Aix-les-Bains, Geneva, Evian. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

OBERLAND - LEMAN EXPRESS. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Lausanne, Montreux, Berne, &c.

LUCHON EXPRESS. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

TROUVILLE EXPRESS. Daily.

NIGHTLY SLEEPING CARS, CALAIS TO PARIS, 9 p.m., from CHARING CROSS
(Passengers remain in Car in Paris until 7.30 a.m.)

Time Tables and full details

International Sleeping Car Co.,

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WHERE ALL TICKETS MUST BE OBTAINED IN ADVANCE.

SEE PAGE 421, AND THEN CUT OUT THIS COUPON

THE BYSTANDER Fortnightly Holiday Competitions

BRIDGE COUPON

To be sent in with Solution by FRIDAY, AUGUST 5

Name of Competitor .....

Address .....

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

1904 8 h.-p. Darracq, new, smart car, painted red, outlined black and white, bucket seats, two brass paraffin lamps, regulation tail lamp, tools, foot pump; £18.—H. Plumbridge, Broad Street Station, E.C.

GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 3, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

12-16 h.-p. two-cylinder Darracq, very fast and powerful, in splendid condition, upholstered leather, roomy tonneau, painted dark blue; any trial; price £180.—Armitage, 91, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc. £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindbury, Rochester.

RENAULT Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

"PRESCOTT" Steam Car, seats 2 or 4, Victoria hood, condenser; splendid running car. Practically new. Selling through illness. Cheap to immediate purchaser.—Bezant, 12, Victoria Terrace, Leamington-Spa.

DAIMLER, 23 h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56 West Clapham Common.

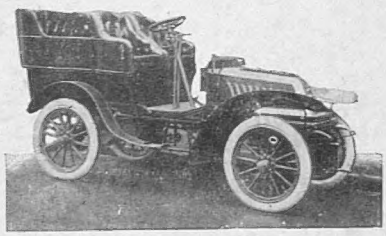
12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—We have cars offered by private owners, to whom we will introduce you without fees.—Write at once, stating your requirements. Frank Little and Co., engineers, High Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MAYFAIR Voiturette, 4½ h.-p. De Dion engine, wipe contact, two-seated, leather hood, three lamps, two accumulators, wire wheels, pneumatic tyres, in splendid condition and running order, just overhauled; £65; trial by appointment.—T. C. Moffatt, 46, Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon.

10 h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h.p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road, Weston-super-Mare.

DECAUVILLE, 10-12 h.-p. two cylinders, tonneau body, painted green, equal sized wheels. See bands on back wheels. Michelin tyres, gears and tyres as new, car in fine condition, new 1903 owner buying larger car same make; can be seen by appointment; price £250, including three lamps, horn, and usual tools.—Owner, 70, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.



DE DION, 8 h.-p., 1904 Model, fitted with Tonneau body, having bucket front seats, with 2 forward speeds and reverse. In splendid condition. Price £200. Only reason for sale, owner purchased larger car.—Apply, M.F., c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars.

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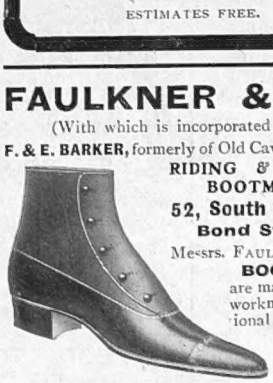

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Amateur Photographic Competition

The previous Photographic Competitions have met with such great success, and have attracted so much interest amongst amateur photographers, who sent in many thousand contributions, that the Proprietors of THE GRAPHIC have decided to hold another competition, and to offer the following prizes:

FIRST PRIZE	£20
SECOND	£15
THIRD	£10
FOURTH	£5

The prize photographs will be published in THE GRAPHIC, together with any others which the judges think worthy of special mention. The fee of One Guinea will be paid for each photograph reproduced, with the exception of the prize photographs. At the last competition a large number of photographs were selected by the judges for publication and special mention, in addition to the prize photographs.

RULES.

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scapes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC Amateur Photographic Competition, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

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